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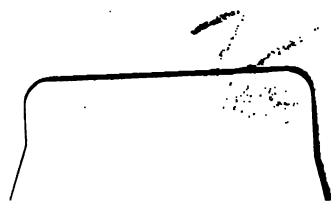
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THE
COLLECTED POEMS

OF THE LATE
N. T. CARRINGTON.

VOL. II.

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THE
COLLECTED POEMS

OF THE LATE

N. T. CARRINGTON.

EDITED
BY HIS SON, H. E. CARRINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN AND CO.
BATH: H. E. CARRINGTON.
DEVONPORT: W. BYERS.

1834.



II E. CARRINGTON, PRINTER, BATH.

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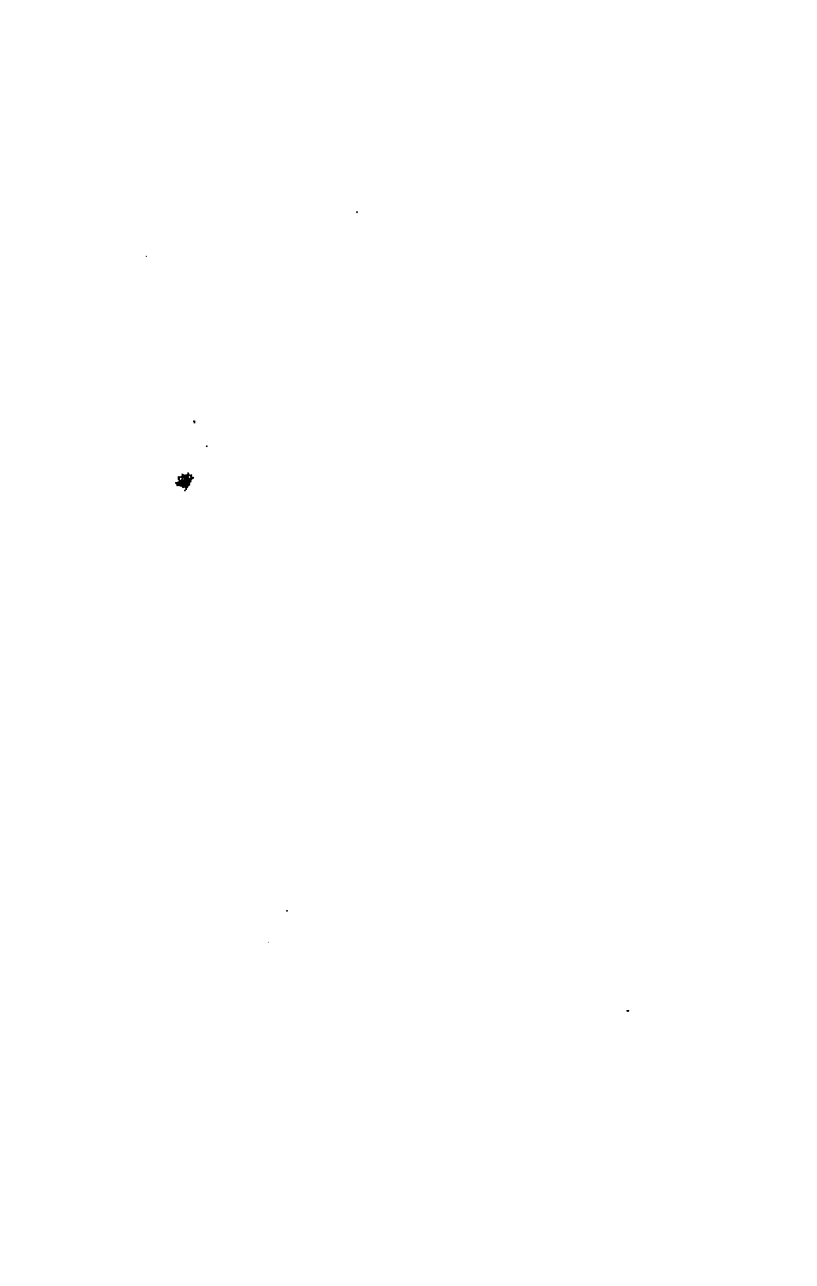
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THE BANKS OF TAMAR. ,

MORNING ! the enthusiastic harp has swept
Thy praise in glowing numbers ! Every age
Has pour'd the tribute of immortal song
To thee, that, darting wide the welcome light,
Breakest, in beautiful succession, round
The exulting sphere. Nor Man alone uplifts
His master voice ; the grateful woodland tribes
Join the grand chorus ;—sweeter far than all,
Thy own lov'd bird—thy faithful, fav'rite lark,
Has warbled thy high praises, from the hour
When all thy orbs first sang aloud for joy,*
And God pronounced good the living world !

* "The Morning Stars sang together."—Job, xxxviii. 7.

The lyre of ages and the hymns of bards
Have welcom'd thee, and still the nations hail
With wide acclaim thy birth: Thou dost bedeck
Heav'n with enchanting colourings that mock
The painter's mimic skill, though half divine
Genius had form'd his pencil. O'er the earth
Thou strewest liquid pearls, by far more clear
And sparkling than the lustres which adorn
A monarch's glitt'ring brow. Those cheering gales,
In which the very soul of freshness breathes,
Reviving the delighted world, are thine:
And sweetly too, the bud, the leaf, the flower,
Live in thy fragrant chaplet, gentle MORN!

But not for him who spurns thy precious hour
Are these, thy hues celestial, nor the gales
Of freshness, nor the bud, the leaf, the flower,
That with thee sweetly live, nor general lay
Of Earth and Sky. O may I hear thy call
Obedient, when the new-born rays of light
Are streaming, and the first, best, melodies
Are hailing them! O may I stray with thee

As the year wanders on in silent lapse ;
For to thy faithful votary are giv'n,
All the pleas'd eye and raptur'd ear can wish—
Beauty and Music, Health and Joy, and Life.

The dawn is fair as ever Summer knew,
The breeze as soft as ever Summer breathed ;
And yet inconstant Devon, many a morn
Serene as this which now propitious comes
With orient hues, warm airs, and music on,
Has ended in the blustering storm of eve !
The clouds have risen in the blackening West,
And, sailing o'er the expectant earth, have pour'd
Their wat'ry treasures down ; the winds have piped,
In place of morning's witching minstrelsies ;
And fearfully the pleasure bark that sail'd
At blushing dawn, to wind between the banks
Of Tamar, then all promise and all calm,
Has struggled homeward, plunging o'er the stream—
The very stream that like a mirror show'd,
At morn, the azure of the faithless heav'n.

“The faithless heav’n !” I love our fickle sky
Beyond the unspotted azure which fatigues
The view, in regions of the burning South.
How glorious is the gilding of our clouds !
How infinite their change of shape and tint !
How sweet to see them intercept the ray
Meridian, and to see the shadows fly
In swift succession o’er the chequer’d map !
And, though our clime is moist, hath Italy—
Cheering the eye throughout the varying year—
More pleasant, more delicious sheets of *green* ?
’Tis said “thy very weeds are beautiful,”*
Thou vaunted country of the unclouded Sun !
But we too have enchanting forms, and hues
Most “beautiful ;” and we can walk abroad
In this our temperate and indulgent clime,
To gaze, enamour’d on the loveliness
Of Nature, while her blooming face is fann’d,
After kind showers, by gales which would refresh
Thy languid face, voluptuous Italy !

* BYRON.

Fair are the provinces that England boasts,
Lovely the verdure, exquisite the flowers,
That bless her hills and dales,—her streamlets clear,
Her seas majestic, and her prospects all,
Of old, as now, the pride of British song !
But England sees not on her charming map,
A goodlier spot than our fine DEVON ;—rich
Art thou in all that Nature's hand can give,
Land of the matchless view ! The tyrant Sun
Thy emerald bosom spares, for frequent showers
Drop from the voyaging and friendly cloud,
To cheer thy foliage, and to swell thy streams :
Hence all thy mountain torrents that descend
To stray in meads as Tempe ever fair ;
Thy noble rivers hence, and that rich robe
Of green, throughout the inconstant year which
clothes
The pleasant fields of thy peninsula.

Let then the winds, wide sweeping o'er the vast
And wild Atlantic, waft sublimely on
The big-swollen clouds which suddenly obscure

- The face of the blue Heav'n ; yet we, who live
On the bold marge of Ocean, bless the mild
And happy climate where no fierce extremes
Of cold and heat annoy. How soft the breeze
That from the warm South comes ! how sweet to feel
The gale favonian too that o'er the cheek
Breathes health and life ! Nor are inspiring days
Of radiance wanting : oft the monarch orb
Holds welcome reign,—but renovating airs,
Fresh from the wave, the bosom of the West
Are ever fanning ; and he seldom rules
With sway tyrannic, but with temper'd beam
Sheds kindest influence on the grateful land.

E'en now he gilds thy noble woods, COTEHELE !
And see ! this murm'ring strand whose foot is lav'd
By the swift-flowing tide, is sprinkled o'er
With smiling friends, who, spite of fickle skies,
Trust the fair promise of the morn, and raise
The summer sail, and to the fav'ring wind
Unloose the wanton streamer. We are bound
On a delightful voyage, and such scenes

Await us, as the memory well may hold
While life retains a pulse. The surging snake
Has not more folds than Tamar,—but ere noon,
Each wood-fring'd headland doubled, we shall pause
Beneath the flashing WEIR.¹

This sun-bright day

Is given to pleasure. Let not moralists
Decry the inspiring HOLIDAY !—the flight
From all the pain, the bustle of the world !
Let not the Cynic look with jaundiced eye
On those enlivening hours, which like the bursts
Of sunshine on the wayworn pilgrim's head,
Dispel the mental gloom. They are the salt
Of this our short existence ; they beguile
The rugged road of life ; they often brace
Anew the slacken'd nerves, refresh the brain,
Rouse up the spirits, and revive the heart !
Let him not look with stern, reproving glance
On the snatch'd joys of those poor prisoners,
Whom the harsh gaoler, Business, in his gripe
Fastens but too securely. Man is bound

By artificial ties, where cities rear
Their huge circumference : but how he longs
To quit them for a season ! how he strives,
Like some imprison'd bird that droops within
Its bars—to leave engirthing ties behind,
And feel the breeze of heav'n upon his cheek,—
The uncontaminated breeze,—and rove
In the broad fields, or skim the river's breast,
A joyous denizen of earth. To him
How grand the mountain's cloudy brow,—how
sweet—

How doubly sweet are sunny vales, how wave
The wanton woods, how freshly flow the streams,
Responsive to the song of morn and eve !
He sees a million beauties which the sons
Of leisure miss ; for they, with heedless step,
And vacant eye, stroll oft among the works,
The miracles of Nature, unimpress'd
By all they see, and undelighted too
At the soft sounds that ever are abroad ;—
The hum of bee, the whisp'ring of the breeze,
The rush of wings, the leap of sportive fish,

The sky's clear song, the music of the leaf,
And the melodious lapses of the rills.

He, 'mid the high, the infinite display
Of Nature, finds new inspiration seize
His quick'ning powers; and if he feel a pang,
'Tis at the thought, the shuddering thought, that soon
Of verdant scenes, reviving gales, and songs
Of the wild wood, the lays of earth and sky
At once bereav'd, he must retrace his steps
Where bloom no flowers, where every flagging air
Wafts foul contagion through the darken'd street;
And CARE triumphant all the long—long year,
Sits on her ebon throne and laughs at Man.

Then o'er our bark, light-skimming, let the flag
Of pleasure wave, and let our summer sail
Swell with the morning gale. But ere we quit
The bosom of Hamoaze, the lingering eye
Dwells for a moment on the prospects near
The Home we prize so much. O, still we turn
Unto that sacred spot with such delight—

Such aching fondness, that no charm on earth
May separate us long! How strong the power
Of local sympathy—the potent charm
Which binds Man to his darling Home! and he
Who values not the leafiness that waves—
The stream that flows above, around, his cot,—
And to whose view the limner, Fancy, paints
No flattering picture of his native hills,
Is to his nature's noblest feelings lost.

But 'tis *not* local prejudice that prompts
The lay, when *EDGE CUMBE* ² is the inspiring theme!
Affection for one valued, honour'd nook
Of earth, where haply first the light of day
Broke on our infant eyes, or where our cot
Uprises, render'd precious by long years
Of residence, may throw illusive grace
Upon the hills, the vales, the woods, the streams
That sweetly circle it;—but *thou* hast charms,
Enchanting mount, which not the local love
Too highly values, or the genial West
Alone enamour'd views,—for thou art own'd

Supreme in loveliness in this our isle,
Profusely teeming with unrivall'd scenes !

Thine is the monarch oak, the sturdy growth
Of ages, long triumphant o'er decay;
And thine the venerable elm that loves
Of old, to stand in stately row. Around,
The chestnut throws its amplitude of shade,
And many a brave exotic, too, exults
In soil and clime all fav'ring as its own.
Thine the grand cedar, of enormous bough
And trunk stupendous,—scarcely Libanus
Outvies the giant stranger ; by its side
Upshoots the sable cork. The forest teems
With forms of majesty and beauty ; some
As the light poplar wave with every sigh
Of Zephyr, and some scarcely bend their heads
For very mightiness, when wintry storms
Are maddening the seas !

O ! when the breath -
Of Spring is on thy renovated hill,

When all the buds are leaping into leaf,
And the fair sheets of earlier foliage clothe
Anew thy waste of bough, delicious 'tis
To look on thy peninsula. When sleeps
The beam of Summer on thy pomp of woods,
Grove over grove ascending from the edge
Of the brown cliff, to where the wild van lifts
Its crown of pines ; and all, impressively,
Rest at high noon beneath the bright serene,—
Breezeless the land, waveless the circling sea,
Above all green and glowing, all below
Blue with that girdle of the Atlantic—blue
And studded o'er with diamonds which the Sun
Has richly sprinkled on it, every eye
Brightens with ecstasy !

But when the gale
Of solemn Autumn moans around thy hill
In strange, and hollow, and prophetic gusts ;—
When all the glory of the summer day
Departed, touching hues adorn thy woods,—
'Umber, and gold, and purple, and the green

Which lingers yet,—O ! where has earth a scene
So beautiful ?

The ever-shifting view
Is thine ; and, as he saunters through thy glades,
The charm'd spectator sees, at every step,
New combinations rise. Descried from far,
Straying between his headlands, TAMAR rolls
His sinuous course 'mid foliage, flowers, and songs,
Until he mingles with the azure Sound,
The reservoir of rivers. Silvery bays
Are seen where commerce lifts the peaceful sail,
Or where the war-barks rise ; the indented coast
Frowns with wave-breasting rocks, nor does the eye
Forget the proud display of bustling towns
And busy arsenals, and cliffs high crown'd
With pealing batteries, and flags that wave
In the fresh ocean gale ; but glances off
With more delight to mark the rural reign :—
The leaf-envelop'd mansion on the hill
Looking into the broad-eyed South, the cots—
Sweet cots that love the shade,—the village spire ..

Uprushing through the trees ;—a vast display
Of loveliest objects, widely scatter'd o'er
The bold and billowy landscape,—ever cross'd
By those warm hedge-rows which make England
 seem
A region of fair gardens.

 DARTMOOR rears,
In the dim distance, his majestic brow,
With granite girdle sweeping nearly round
The varied map, until he plants his foot
In austral vales where rolls the rapid Erme,
And near, high blooming in a happier clime,
Exulting Yealm displays her shelter'd fields.

But who that climbs the brow sublime, and thence
Surveys the dread immensity of sea,
Wild-heaving often here, and seldom lull'd
To deep tranquillity, e'en by the hush
Of Summer—feels not pleasure, wonder, awe,
Alternate, as in breeze, or gale, or storm,
He gazes on its bosom ? On the waste

Of waters, rolling from the birth of time,
The great and fathomless Ocean, swathing round,
As with a girdle, this stupendous Earth,
The eye would dwell for ever ! Every shore
The wave of ocean visits. On it roams
Through the bright burning zone where ardent gales
Cool their scorch'd pinions in it. Indian airs,
From bowers of bliss, waft o'er its smiling face
Perfumes of Paradise ; and, round the poles,
Startling the eternal solitudes of snow,
The restless wanderer howls !

Thy wind-swept crest,
Majestic STADDON, boasts no cheerful leaf,—
Thy noble slopes are dark, but not with shade
Of the old woods—thick clustering—such as climb
Thy favour'd sister-hill ;* and yet thy brow
Is fair, and green, and jocundly looks out
O'er the broad, southern billow. Far away—
Bleak, naked, station'd in the very van
Of conflict, when the winds of heav'n arise

* Mount Edgecumbe.

To battle with the world of waters, stands
That solitary isle the Mewstone. There
The music of man's voice is never heard
Cheering his brother man in toil or aught
Of all the friendly offices of life !
But there, harsh breaking on the ear of him
Who seaward hurries, fall the sea-bird's moan,
And that most solemn and mysterious voice
Of the great sea-wave, which hath risen round
Those bold, enduring rocks, in storm or calm,
Summer or Winter, since the giant floods
Of Ocean, pouring wild from shore to shore,
Rush'd into being and enclasp'd the globe.

The favouring breezes blow,—our sails are fill'd,
And rapidly the tranquil THANCKES recedes.
With what a soft retiring air it steals
From the rude world, scarce conscious of the "roar
That Babel sends through all her gates." 'Tis sweet
So near that world to be, and yet to rest
In stillness deep amid the friendly shades
Where virtue loves to dwell. Thy hero lives

No more, fair THANCKES,³—the tomb has cover'd him,
Illustrious GRAVES, who, when the impetuous foe
Deeming himself invincible at sea,
As on the blood-stain'd land, usurp'd the deep,
Check'd his vain-glorious course, and in the crown,
The naval crown of England—plac'd the gem
Of early welcome Victory.

We glide

Through lines of stately ships ; and as we pass,
The tale goes quickly round of glories old,
Of battles won on the great sea, of chiefs
Whose daring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that famed vessel. Noiseless now
Is each forsaken structure, save when sounds
The listless keeper's foot ; nought else invades
The deep impressive silence of those decks,
Where lately trod a thousand gallant men !

Flown is the hour of triumph ! Hamoaze lifts—
Still lifts its flag, wild streaming on the gale,
But all the gallant show of war is pass'd,—

Unheard the "note of preparation" now :
How silent where so late equipping fleets
Sent up the incessant din ! The deaf'ning shouts
Of conquering crews are heard no more ; the gun
Peals not, save that which roughly greets the morn,
Or bids the sinking Sun farewell ;—the sounds
Roll on the echoing gale—a moment roll,
Startling the tranquil bay, and all is—PEACE.

But, or in peace or war, there is no pause
To the huge labours of that Arsenal
Whose foot the TAMAR laves. There Science lays
The solid keel, and on it rears a frame
Enduring, fair, magnificent ! The woods
Of Europe, Asia, Africa, devote
Their mightiest foliage to raise the vast—
The thunder-bearing structure ; till, at last,
By Genius nobly form'd, the finish'd ship
Is ready for the impressive Launch. The day
Arrives, the Atlantic tide is swelling high
To place her on its bosom. O'er her decks
The streamers wave all-gallantly, around

Enlivening music floats, while myriads crowd
Where the bold vessel on her rapid plane
Sits proudly. Hark ! the intrepid artizans
Remove her last supports ;—a breathless pause
Holds the vast multitude ;—a moment she
Remains upon her slope,—then starts,—and now
Rushing sublimely to the flashing deep,
Amid the shouts of thousands she descends,
Then rises buoyantly, a graceful pile,
To float supinely on the blue HAMOAZE,
Till England, the wing'd miracle shall send,
To bear her dreaded banner round the globe.

His glorious car the king of day impels
Through the refulgent heav'n, and nature hails
With one accord his presence ; but the lark,
The only bird that in the fields of light
Sings his clear anthem to the source of day,
With liveliest devotion pours his strains.
The woodlands swell with harmony, and Man,
Proud Man himself rejoices in the ray,
And breathes more freely, and delights to roam

Beneath the gladdening beam. E'en we who skim
To-day the river's bosom—we evince
By cheerfulness enthroned on the brow,
And clearly seen, the mighty influence
Of the life-giving sunshine. Who can feel
The inspiring glance of Heav'n upon his cheek,
And hear the melodies of morn, and breathe
The essenc'd gales, and view the smiling hills
And laughing vales, and not rejoice and bid
The officious world and all its woes retire,
And not disturb him now ? Refreshing 'tis,
Health in the cheek, contentment in the soul,
On day so bright as this, with friends so dear,
To hold a joyous holiday ; to see
Eyes glistening with supreme delight, to hear—
Indulging in the tale, the anecdote,
Close argument, or friendly repartee,
The well-known, welcome voice of those we love,
Who, like ourselves, have stolen from the world,
And for one day, at least, have banish'd Care.

Welcome, ye smiling scenes, on either hand

In quick succession rising, fair as new.
Welcome the breezy hill, the valley warm,
The bay with hamlets edg'd, the sinuous creek
Winding to such a spot as WESTON, ⁴ rocks
Beetling o'er fearful depths, the level shore
Where Tamar oft within the green domain
Intrudes, and many a promontory bold
Darting into the flood. Our bark is wing'd
By fleet, auspicious gales, there is no time
To dwell upon your charms. Upon the view
Ye rise like those enchanting images
Which bless the poet's dream ; ye fill the eye
With beauty, and then mock our vision. Swift
Ye fly, as human pleasures do,—beheld,
Lov'd, lost ! Broad glittering to the golden Sun
His tributary course the Lynher leads
Between his headlands green. That sweep of wood,
With which luxuriant ANTONY ⁵ bedecks
The southern bank, seems gracefully to spring
E'en from the shadowy wave, where mimic groves
Display their answering foliage. Breasting there
The swelling tide, that lonely island mark,

Seldom by human foot impress'd. Around
The surge is moaning, or the sea-bird screams,—
All noiseless else is that deserted spot,
Yet pleasing, fixing, interesting still,
By mere association with the charms
Which dwell so near it. 'Tis a well plac'd foil
Upon the cheek of beauty ! Either shore
Presents its combinations to the view
Of all that interests, delights, enchants :—
Corn-waving fields, and pastures fair, and slope
And swell alternate, summits crown'd with leaf,
And grove encircled mansions, verdant capes,
The beach, the inn, the farm, the mill, the path,
And tinkling rivulets, and waters wide
Presenting here the semblance of a lake,
There, winding round some unexpected point,
Now shut, now open. Nor is wanting oft,
Dotting the wandering flood, the varying sail
Of barge, or fishing-bark, or painted skiff
Of joyous voyagers.

The awful spoils

Of ages, mould'ring o'er her ample breadth,
The ruins of a thousand fitful years,
England displays to him who loves to muse
Amid those drear memorials. On the brow
Of yon commanding eminence appear
Thy relics TREMATON!—Enough remains,
Wreck of baronial pride, and power, and pomp,
Of thee, to tell the traveller how great,
How haughty, how magnific once!—alas,
To tell him, too, on what a basis Man
Builds his delusive hopes; The day is gone
When rampant o'er thy grey, begirthing walls,
Floated thine ancient banner. Far away
Beheld, the foeman's terror, high it stream'd
The pride of thy departed steel-clad hosts!
Those hosts no more shall stern Ambition's voice,
The pulse of conflict, and the blast of Fame,
Awake,—dull silence is upon them all!
The fathomless obscurity of Fate
Envelopes them as they had never been!
It is the triumph of resistless Time,—
Man and his labours must submit to him!

He throws the column from its solid base !
He saps e'en now thy withering remains,
Majestic TREMATON ! and 'till the hour,
When he, exulting, on the ground shall dash
Thy walls, now trembling to the western gale,
He clothes them with his spirit-chilling green,
His dark and favourite ivy, cheerless plant,
Sacred to Desolation !

Ere we pass

Thy mouth, auxiliar Lynhier, we may pause
Awhile, to mark how smooth a Summer flood
May be, that Winter's fierce, resistless gale
Lashes to madness. When the leafless groves
Of Antony are tossing in the storm,
Here, where the sister streams are mingling, here
Wild uproar holds dominion. Now the swan
On the meek confluence might float, nor feel
The gentlest undulation.

Far away

O'er the bright beaming South, that toiling hill

Commands unrivall'd prospect. Tamar too,
From its fam'd mount, ⁶ looks over scenes sublime
And fair, as this our matchless England holds
Within her world of beauty ! Now we leave
The broad blue harbour, and SALTASH appears,
Beheld with interest ; for, though the hand
Of boastful, spruce, and calculating Art
Has here no level and right-angled streets,
And traces here no long unbroken lines
Of buildings uniform—there is a charm
In thy irregular rush adown the hill,
Saltash ! and the continued dotting of thy slope
With gardens which the hand of Leisure forms,—
Abode of flowers and fruitage, where repose,
Fit recompence for years of honour'd toil,
Waits on the sons of Ocean. But the tide
With force impetuous whirls us swiftly on,
Farewell, till eve. On high ST. BUDE displays
Its weather-beaten tower, a mark for all
The winds of heaven. The wintry moorland storm
Shrieks wildly round it ; but when gentle Spring,
Calming the elemental strife, has kiss'd

The airy brow, and sprinkled it with flowers,
And Budshed clad with leaf, let him who loves
To see the rural and the grand combin'd
In one vast view, stray near the tower of Bude.

Survey'd from that high stand, the Tamar⁷ seems
Enclasp'd by the green hills! The prying eye
Discovers no peninsula, no point
Round which he winds, but an apparent lake
Spreads its broad mirror. Here the varied bank
Rushes abruptly to the tranquil flood,
And there the hand of Cultivation leads
The plough e'en to the brown and level beach.
Far as the glance can reach, rich cultur'd fields
Diffusive stretch, with yellow harvests crown'd,
And bless'd with herbage for the snowy flocks
Wide scatter'd, or recumbent on the plain,
Or cropping the luxuriant hills. The trees
Thick cluster near the village spires, and oft
Display where Wealth within his summer-bower
Reposes. Soft the landscape melts away
Into the billowy distance, where the eye,

Resting upon the shadowy moor, discerns
HENGESTON with head majestic, looking down
On distant towns and hamlets, fertile vales,
Hills, lawns, and woods, and streams,—a map im-
mense.

The tide, swift-flowing, fills yon spacious bay,
And spreads a sheet deceptive, broad, but scant ;
Yet beautiful the fringing of that bay,
And beautiful the fields that lie beyond,
Waving in all the freshness of the morn
Their seas of verdure. MONITON^s appears
Deep seated in the foliage of the hill,
And rising o'er the wood-cloth'd creek, which winds
A course perplex'd, yet pleasant, to its foot.
Above it, on the midway slope, the tower
Of BOTUSFLEMING rises. Who loves not,
At happy distance, to discover thus
The house of God uplift its ancient walls,
Wreath'd in the verdant honours of the year ?
Within that sacred fane have race on race,
The children of the upland and the dale,

Devoutly worshipp'd ;—and beneath the mounds,—
The grassy mounds which stud the village-yard,
Withdrawn to rest, at last. O'er some of these
The flight of centuries has pass'd,—alas,
Above the wept remains of others, yet
The fresh-rear'd hillock waves not in the wind
Its friendly robe of green.

Upon the strand—

The low and level strand, not far remov'd
From the blue edge of the usurping flood,
Is seen the church of LANDULPH. Oft at eve,
The voyager that skirts thy peaceful strand,
Lists to thy cheerful bells that fling a peal
Of melody upon his ear. The tones
Of changeful village bells are ever heard
With pleasure, but in spot so sweet as this,
Are heard with deep emotion. ⁹ Landulph holds
The ashes of a CONSTANTINE. Depriv'd
By sternest fate of sublunary power,
Bereav'd of shadowy greatness, here he rests
Softly as his imperial ancestors !

Thrice happy man, well snatch'd from all the cares
And crimes which so besiege a throne, he liv'd
Unhonour'd as a prince ; but haply not
Unwept by that unbought and generous tear
Which flows for private worth, he met his doom,
And slept with common dust ;—with common dust ?
The haughtiest of the Cæsars was but great
As he excell'd his fellow men in all
That might “become a man ;” and many fill'd
The eastern and the western * throne, who sank
In vice as far below the vulgar herd,
And of those too the vilest of the vile,
As grovelling, sordid, monstrous lusts could sink
The noble form and noble mind of Man !

Like some majestic tree, which sun and shower
For centuries have cherish'd, proudly darts
From trunk immense its vigorous branches forth,
So Tamar spreads his hundred silver arms
Among the meads, indenting all his banks
With his capacious inlets. Pass we not

* Of Constantinople and Rome.

'That creek, leaf-shaded, on our right which leads
The voyager to TAMERTON's still vale,
And beautiful, without a passing tear
To him ¹⁰ who lov'd it, and who rear'd his bower,—
His classic bower—so near it. Gentle bard !
Whom Genius, Talent, Virtue, yet deplore,
Long be thy memory revered, and oft
As the last beam of evening gilds the west,
With pensive step may Plymouth's sorrowing sons
Be lingering found, where, in thy honour'd tomb,
Thou sleep'st—sweet poet of the "Summer's Eve !"

And thou, in Tamerton's secluded vale
Reclin'd in classic ease, ah HOWARD ! why
Remains thy harp so silent ? Bid it ring
Symphonious, as of erst when BICKLEIGH claim'd
The raptur'd strain, and on our list'ning ears
Pour the soft rural lay, or with a sweep
Sublime, enchant us with heroic deed.

Glitt'ring beneath the morning's potent ray,
See TAVY roll his unassuming stream,

Almost unknown to Fame,—and yet the shores
Of Tavy lack not aught that may enchant
The eye of him who, in the summer hour,
Delights to steer his bark where Nature spreads
Her fairest pastures, and bestrews her flowers
With hand unsparing. He may wind his way
When darts the beam of noon upon his head,
And find a refuge in the friendly gloom
Of high umbrageous cliffs. The clamorous voice
Of commerce will not reach him there ! No sounds
Break on the deep tranquillity but those
Which from the woodland melodists arise,
The thrilling lays of liberty and love.
Nor let him, as he glides where Tavy meets
The pastoral Tamar, pass unconscious on ;
For almost hidden in embow'ring groves
That edge the rocky bank, the ancient house
Of WARLEIGH ¹¹ rises. Not envelop'd thus
But seen at once with all its pomp of trees,
Clustering above it, MARISTOWE ¹² appears
On the blue margin of the tranquil flood ;
And, far beyond, the bleak and rugged tors

Of Dartmoor rise sublimely. Waste immense,
Where silence and sterility abide,
In stern alliance, through the changing year !
The beam of ardent summer scarcely warms
Its mountain breeze ; and when the snowy crown
Of Winter caps the Alps of Devon, drear
Is all that moorland region. Heav'n may help
The erring traveller there, when fiercely drive
The snows around his path, for Man is far
From him in that dread hour. More lovely seem
Such scenes as spread round TAVR, when a glimpse,
Dartmoor, of thee, frowns in the shadowy rear
That bounds the varied view ; and yet thou art
The fruitful mother of fresh flowing streams,
And rivers darting swiftly from thy sides,
At first, rude rolling o'er their granite beds,
Till in the warm and flowery dales they give
Beauty to all the glowing scenery,—give,
As they wind on their cool translucent course,
To Devon half her landscape's matchless charms.

But see ! where once luxuriant harvests rose,

And seas of verdure roll'd, '3 vile rubbish meets
The eye disgusted. How the thirst of gain
Drags from the bowels of our mother Earth,
The unsightly masses, strewing them where once
Wav'd the gay woods, or babbled the soft brooks !
And where the blossoming orchard bless'd the view,
Tremendous arsenic its fatal fumes
Has breath'd, and vegetative life has ceas'd,
And desolation reigns ! With dauntless hand
Deep into realms of gloom the miner cuts
His desperate way. Mephitic vapours hang
Around the bold adventurer, and pale
Consumption threatens ; still he works, and rears
His subterranean galleries, and oft,
Pursuing to the very jaws of Death
The all-attractive *lode*, he hears above,
Appalling sound—the eternal Ocean howl !

Swiftly the shores recede, for in the tide
Our helmsman keeps his course, and now a gale
Propitious swells the sail. Thrice happy he
Who in life's voyage thus has always met

With clear indulgent heavens, with favouring winds
Hope-breathing ever, and propelling tides ;
And steers him smoothly to the port of Death,
With pleasing recollections of the past,
And rapturous visions of the future. Wise
Are all thy ways, though dark, eternal God ;
Thou treadest in a path the vulture's eye
Has not beheld ! How many who deserve,
In Man's imperfect view, a worthier fate,
Are doom'd to wander on a stormy main,
Through the long day and doubtful dreary night,
Uncheer'd by sun or moon, or friendly star ;
Till, after many an effort brave, they sink,
Worn, spent, unnerv'd, despairing, to the deep,
Closing triumphant o'er their heads at last !

Our pilot trusted not his breeze-wing'd bark
Across yon broad but all delusive sheet
Of water ; where the voyager, full oft,
Rests on the treacherous flat ! By happier helm
Directed, we the specious danger shun,
And like an arrow, lo ! our pinnace darts

Through the deep channel. So should caution guide
The adventurer on the sea of Life ! The gales
Of pleasure, haply, waft him, and he bounds
Exultingly upon the flattering flood ;
Nor heeds the inexperienced boy the hints
Of prudence, and the counsels of the wise ;
He darts impetuously through dancing waves
And oceans of illusive bliss, till now
Crashing upon her keel, his vessel lies
A wreck at last upon the undreaded reef !

“Avoid the shoal !” the sacred preacher cries ;
The volumes of the dead and living ope
The monitory page, alas, in vain !
If passion hold the helm, and pleasure fill
The swelling sail, though Reason, Conscience, say
“Avoid the shoal,” the voyager is lost !

Enough of sad reflection on the fate
Of many a hapless mariner that sails
The sea of human life. Nor on this hour
Of high enjoyment, let one envious care

Intrusive cast a gloom. But should it come,
As come it will upon our happiest days,
O ! look upon the face of Nature,—look
Upon this flood which with its silvery curve
Steals round the shooting headlands ;—view the hills,
The vales, the murmuring brooks which roll adown
The flowery dells, the sky, the parent Sun
Rejoicing over all ; and let the hymn
Of gratitude arise. There is a song
Full-hearted in the sky, a thousand lays
Within the greenwood ringing, to inspire
The drooping spirits. To the passing breeze
Then throw the grim prospective, and enjoy
Without an anxious thought the present hour.

Now round the feet of bold peninsulas
Tamar conducts the voyager, to seek
The charms of fam'd PENTILLIE. Oft we catch
A glimpse of the thick leafage which o'erhangs
Its slopes abrupt, but soon the erratic flood,
From bank to bank incessant winding, steals
The goodly vision. Every moment brings,

Meanwhile, inspiring views of fields that roll
Their grassy seas ere yet the conquering scythe
Stills the sweet undulations. Swiftly comes
The stroke of fate upon them, for the gale
Is full of odours from the new mown meads,
Where, heedless of the ray meridian, Toil
Pursues the unremitting blow that strews
Grass, flowers and herbs, in fragrant ruin round.

From lawns smooth shaven, and from uplands gay
With waving crops, from dells and streamlets clear,
And umbrage of the breezy hill, we turn ;
For see, at once bold bursting on the eye,
Pride of the stream, '4 PENTILLIE rears its groves.

There is a sweet and holy transport fills
The mind alive to Nature's matchless charms
When thus, abruptly, she unfolds to view
Her fine associations. Beautiful
Art thou, PENTILLIE, rising o'er the flood
That round thy foot, involved as the folds
Of the sleek serpent, leads a mazy course,

As though it were a pity soon to steal
The voyager from scenes so passing fair !
All eyes are fix'd upon the woods,—the woods !
And on that princely structure which they hold
Within their green embrace ! How bold the bank
Of Tamar rises with its verdurous sheet—
Tree above tree uprushing ! Gentlest airs
Are playing with the seas of foliage now,
And here and there clear green spots meet the glance,
Like islands scatter'd carelessly between
The billowy leafage ; and the sun
Is shining over all, the skies are blue,
And Tamar bright and placid. 'Tis a scene
Might plant delight upon the brow of Care,
And make e'en Melancholy wear a smile
From luxury of feeling ! 'Tis a scene
Worthy the magic of the painter's skill,
Worthy his powerful and living touch,
Whose pencil Genius has made all divine !

Sweet Tamar, if thy wanderings ended here,—
If round the base of this enchanting spot

Were heard the murmurs of thy utmost wave,
Who that has traced thy playful course to-day,
Would not return enraptur'd? If no more
Were yet to come of those unrivall'd views
The morning open'd;—harbours broad, that bore
Britannia's floating castles; glittering sheets
Of water, often intercepted by the bold
And rock-bound promontory; heights that look'd
Far over distant ocean, teeming vales,
And creeks eccentric, and the frequent bay
All verdure fring'd; and tributary streams,
With seats of opulence—deep, deep, in leaf;
And, not less interesting to the heart,
Those nestling cottages which gem thy banks,
It were enough; but still thou lov'st to lead
The barge of pleasure round thy "flying shores,"
And pleas'd we follow thee; till, wrapp'd in shade,
We moor our bark beneath thy groves, COTEHELE.

Observe that far-fam'd tower, on which the seal
Of time has stamp'd the holiness of age.
'Tis sacred to the dead! there ¹⁵ TILLIE rests!

Romantic spot ! The fir waves darkly round
The pious fane, and through the changeful year
Unfading green is wreathing it. He lov'd
The mount's fair breast when living; for, below,
The stream was ever flowing on his eye,
Was ever murmuring on his ear. Its banks
Stole off in wanton windings, and the light
And gilded pinnace, or the sluggish barge,
Or ship, tide-wafted, haply were beheld
Within the liquid labyrinth. Far off
The landscape stretch'd unto the moorland ridge
That kiss'd the cloud; the thrush incessant cheer'd
The bowery depth, the lark was in the sky,
The bee was wrestling with the flower. And who
That spent the day of life in nook like this
Would not with TILLIE wish, when life was o'er
In the dear spot to sleep the mortal sleep ?

We steer from point to point, but still the leaf
Is all thine own, Cornubia ! Devon spreads
Her fields luxuriant, but reserves her store
Of rocks and groves magnificent, to cheer

The wanderer's eye hereafter. Through the reeds
With which she plants her shore, a gentle air
Is stealing now, and pensive murmurings rise,
As if pale Syrinx moan'd. The Zephyr sigh'd
But for a moment, for the tyrant Sun
Scorch'd its light wings: it may not venture forth
To kiss the river's bosom. E'en the lark
Declines the glowing heav'n, the woodland choirs
Are silent as at midnight, and repose
Within the shadowy glade till Eve shall ask
Their melodies again. If Morning bid
Nature, reviving from her rest, to bless
The sky, the grove, with livelier song, fair Eve,
Has too her dying and bewitching strains :
A magic power is hers, a nameless charm,—
And rich is the repast she gives to him
Who loves amid her fairy reign to rove,
And hear the lay that bids the Sun farewell !

Ye solemn woods, how pleasing 'tis to skim
On this calm flood, and find you thus at rest,
In one of Summer's most unruffled moods ;

When scarcely steals a vagrant air abroad,
To bend the reed, or creep among the flow'rs,
And Sol is high, and holds triumphant reign,
Over the breezeless, noiseless earth. And yet
'Tis sweeter far, when rising gales refresh
The drooping earth, to be abroad, and see
The sounding forest heave its million sprays
In the commotion ; and to mark the grass
Roll deep its verdurous billows—wave on wave
Innumerable ; beneath the golden sun
Swelling or sinking, till the well-pleas'd eye
Swims with delight, and revels in the scene.

O ! blest is he who in the rural reign
Lists to the rustling of the wind-swept blade,
The whispering of the leaf, the hymn of bird,
The flow of rill, the torrent's distant roar,
The burst of matin and of vesper song :
And, whether Nature in the summer noon
Reposes deep, or sends her breezes forth,
Is ever grateful, loves her changeful face,
Prefers his peaceful cot with foliage deck'd

To all the splendid domes that grandeur rears ;
And, conscious of his happiness, contemns
The specious, heartless pleasures of the town.

Sons of the vale and mountain ! did ye know
The worth of that felicity which waits
Upon a rural state, ye would not wish
A shelter other than the humble thatch
That roofs a peasant's dwelling. There are songs
To cheer you at the dawn,—at eve to lull
To undisturb'd repose ; for Nature wakes
Her choicest strains for you. Above your heads
She waves her woods, beneath your feet she strews
Her loveliest flowers, on every gale that blows
She flings her odours. Happily remov'd
From all the discord of a jarring world,
'Tis only by report ye learn the deep
And fearful havoc which Ambition makes
In courts and cities : there Tranquillity
Is evermore a stranger, but with you
Dwells through the harmonious seasons. And to
crown

A lot so blissful, Heaven has granted health,
And often length of days. Your children rise
Fair as the rose-bud, lively as the fawn
And innocent, and fresh as the wild gale
To which they bare their bosoms.

Even now,
The youthful inmates of the cottage dart
With unshod feet across the sward, and join
In the swift race; while some ascend the bough,
Or line the marge of Tamar, to behold
The passing pleasure-bark. The race is o'er,
The bough is still, suspended every sport,
And young delight is in each infant eye,
For now our minstrels raise a lively strain!
The dulcet flute awakes, the clarionet
Pipes loudly, and the martial drum peals deep,
With clashing cymbals joining, and the blast
Of echoing horn. The notes that rouse the brave,
Inflame the enthusiastic soul, and nerve
The arm for deeds of daring, have disturb'd
The deep repose, and through the startled glades

Resound ; but, ah ! the harmonies that run
From tree to tree, when Morning asks the lay,
Are sweeter far ! O ! when the herald lark,
Upwinging suddenly from covert green,
Shakes his dew-sprinkled wings, and gaily pours
His "elegant divisions," what has Art
Can rival that rich music of the sky ?


The hardy seaman, from Northumbria's loud
And restless wave, has anchor'd on this stream
His weather-beaten vessel. He, no more,
Or shrieks of winds, or howl of ocean hears,
And for the mountain surge that capp'd his mast
So late, he has a plume of graceful boughs
O'er his unwavering vane. No impulse lifts
The leaf, which with unusual concord wreathes
The dark and storm-worn shrouds. The mariner
Who paces listlessly the sounding deck,
Looks on the woods above, the floods below ;
And, haply, as he thinks upon the past,
And ponders on the future, o'er his mind
The futile wish is fleeting, that he might,

All dangers past, find in the eve of life
Scenes of delight, and moments soft as these.

In yonder fields where blithe the lambkins play,
And the brown herds of Devon crop the rich
And juicy herbage;—just beneath that clump
Of trees, still beautiful though ancient, stood
The mansion of Honestus. He had thriven
By dauntless industry, for he had borne,
Unshrinking, summer's heat and winter's cold
Through half a century; and as he sank
From life's meridian, gratefully he look'd
Upon the past, and in the future saw
Visions of happiness. He deem'd that age,
If Providence should bid the hand of Time
Shed silver o'er his brow, would kindly come,
As a warm welcome ray on arctic climes,
And find him circled by a happy group
Of duteous children. But of those who bloom'd
Like "olive branches" round his table, one
Lay nearest to his heart; and who can blame
The yielding parent?—for Eliza was

His *only* daughter, and the last that rose
Of all his race, to hail him by the dear
And sacred name of father. Every glance
Reminded him of her who in the hour
Which gave Eliza birth, escap'd the throes
Of poor mortality, and left him here
Heart-stricken, but submissive to the hand
That had dissolved their union. Faultless was
The maiden in his sight, and she in truth
By soft obedience and unfeigned love
Repaid his tenderness. Each day pass'd on
Smooth as a summer sea. The parent look'd
At life's horizon and beheld it clear,
Nor dream'd of gathering storms; he ventured
much—
Too much of Hope on the frail bark,—and ah!
The wreck was total!

Fairest of the fair,
'Mid Devon's maids she long unenvied mov'd,
For meekness—modesty—disarm'd the shafts
Of Envy, and the breath of Slander, yet,



Envenom'd, had not reach'd her. Thus she reign'd,
Unconscious of her empire, though as fair
As she who at her feet in silken chains
The conquering Julius held, and laid a spell
On the voluptuous Antony ; or she
Who wav'd Love's cresset from the Sestian tower ;
And long, the social circle's grace, the light
Of her fond father's eye, the maid had liv'd,
But that in evil hour a villain stole
On the domestic heaven ; and with the guile
Of the old serpent, and success as vile,
Destroy'd a paradise below !

There are
Who boast of deeds it should be death to do ;
Who glide into a sacred Home, and steal
A virgin treasure thence, and vainly prate
Of such achievements ! Them the last wild cry
Of the deserted maid, the mother's shriek,
The father's agonizing sigh affect not ; they
Are pleasure's votaries, and round the land
Prowl like fell wolves, and on the human feast

Batten luxuriously ! Of these, well skill'd
In arts seductive, with a face as fair
As Hylas', was Eugenio. From the camp
He saunter'd where the hapless virgin stray'd
Through Devon's flowery vales. Surpris'd to find
Such loveliness among the shades, his eye
Beam'd with licentious hope, and soon his suit
The raptur'd youth preferr'd. He told his tale,
Vow'd, flatter'd, sigh'd, and oft at Beauty's knee
The gaudy, guileful traitor bow'd ;—and bow'd
To conquer, for the invaluable prize
He won : Eugenio triumph'd !

From her home
He lured his victim ; but her native bower,
Slave as she was to love, she could not leave
Without emotions which had well nigh snapp'd
The chains of Passion. As she trembling hung
On him who, with endearments fond as false,
Still urg'd her onward, and the gloom of eve
Fell deeply round her,—at the last, last look,
Dimm'd by affection's tear, she homeward threw,

Her senses reel'd ; but, to his purpose true,
The staunch seducer bore her to his bark,
And silently adown the moonlight stream
The breeze-wing'd vessel glided.

On the ear

Of the confiding father peal'd the news
Of his Eliza's flight ; and from that hour
No smile pass'd over his wan cheek. His sons
"Rose up to comfort him," vain aid ! he stood
As if in this wide world he were alone !
Like the old patriarch, he shunn'd relief
And spurn'd at consolation. Yet his eye
Wept not ; intensity of sorrow dried
Heart-easing tears, and in his bosom he
Nourish'd his griefs, till in the tomb was laid
That broken-hearted man !

The tidings reach'd

The hapless exile ;—reach'd her too when she
Had found on what a reed that woman leans
Who trusts a lover's promise when he seeks

To snatch her from a parent's sheltering arm
And watchful guardian eye. And now her cup
Of misery was full. Poor wanderer, she
Was but ill-form'd the buffetings to brave
Of stern adversity. As droops the bud
Before the withering blast, from day to day
She pined, unable to withstand the gale
Which smote her youth; and, far from home,
unsooth'd—

Unwept, a pilgrim in a stranger land,
She bow'd her head upon the grave's cold breast,
And rested on the bosom of a friend!

Ye giant oaks, with years and honours crown'd!
Ye towering elms, and chesnuts vast that throw
The bough immense, involving all beneath
In almost midnight gloom!—ye foresters,
Majestically rising round the pile
Of ancient proud Cotehele!¹⁶ O who can look
Upon you, thus array'd in summer pride,
And not associate with the noble scene
The tales of other days! The visions rise

Of centuries long flown ; and Fancy sees
Bold chiefs who made the merry wild-wood ring
With hound and horn, or at the trumpet's call
Loos'd their bold banners to the breeze. Within
The leafy glades, she eyes the belles of old
With knightly train attendant. Past are all
The glories of Cotehele ; for time has laid
Full low the brow of Chivalry, and dimm'd
The glance of lady's eye. The grave has op'd
Its jaws for race on race of brave and fair,
And they are vanish'd,—vanish'd with the bower
Which then hung o'er them ; for, like feeble man,
The patriarch oak must fall, though ages fly
And find him blooming still. To conquering fate
He yields at last, while round his upturn roots
Light scions rise, that, in the gentlest sigh
Of zephyr waving, nod their wanton heads
Above the prostrate monarch of the wood.

Amid the verdure of the steepy bank,
The rocks jut out, in careless grandeur pil'd ;
Nature has stain'd them with her pencil,—some

On their rough sides her beauteous lichens wear,
Or white, or yellow ;—others have a wreath
Of ivy, glossy, green and dark. Between
The granite masses rise the trees, and climb
The precipice, until they scale its brow
Triumphantly ; while in the flood below,
All that adorns the bank appears again
Inverted. Faithfully the mirror shows
The lowliest flower that blooms upon its marge,
The quivering reed, the ascending grove, the rocks
With their rich colourings ; and the beauteous swan,
If here he oar'd his way, might see his arch
Of snow reflected in the liquid world.
And there is stillness too that may be felt,—
No sounds profane this holy solitude ;
No flitting wind is heard, nor sudden leap
Of sportive fish, nor gush of woodland song :
Silence upon the waveless bank might hold
Her solemn court, beneath the sheltering woods,
And with her sister, Contemplation, pass
The pensive hour in mental converse high.

While yet we gaze, the helm has turn'd the bow
Of our light pinnace to the shore, and lo,
The Chapel on the rock, the votive fane,
By Edgumbe rear'd, appears among the boughs
That stoop to clasp it. Age on age has flown
Since here he dash'd into the stream,¹⁷ and reach'd
The very promontory where the pile
His piety uprais'd, now stands. He plung'd
For life, and won it. He had nobly leagu'd
With Richmond, 'gainst the tyrant ;—him who stole
Another's diadem, and basely crept
Upon the sleep of innocence, and thought
By foulest, midnight murder to secure
His sanguinary throne. The gallant chief,
Pursued by usurpation's bloodhounds, roam'd
In his own woods an exile. Haply here,
Conceal'd, as pass'd on leaden wings the hour,
He gaz'd upon the bark which glided by,
Or look'd upon the landscape as it lay
Outstretch'd before him. O'er his head awoke
The music of the leaf, or cheerly rang

The lark's bewitching strains; but what are these—
What are the minstrelsies of earth and sky
To him who is not free to breathe the air
Of the full open landscape, and who starts
And feels his heart-blood curdle, if the breeze
But move the delicate aspen? What the forms
Enchanting, which inspiring Morning shows,
To one who fears the broad-eyed dawn will guide
The prowler's step? and what are all the sounds
And hues divine of Eve, if chance he dread
His stony couch, lest shivering he should wake,
Poor hunted victim, in the murderer's grasp?

Hard by, the peasant shows the shelter'd vale
Through which the Danes held on their ruthless way
To Hengeston's bloody eminence, and still
He names that valley, *Danescombe*. Proudly pass'd
The long array of banner, lance, and plume,
To yonder mountain side. The shock was fierce
When Briton, Dane, and Saxon met; the dead
Strew'd the ensanguined field. That fearful day
Has made the moorland memorable, nor

Has Time yet smooth'd with his all-levelling hand,
The mounds that Piety pil'd o'er the slain.

That tower, by Edgecumbe rear'd, commands a view
O'er Devon's fields and Cornwall's billowy sward
Magnificent; and happy he who thence,
As the year changeful rolls, surveys the face
Of all that teeming landscape. He who stood
On Pisgah's top, and far o'er Judah look'd,
Unto the "utmost sea," saw not within
That prospect more of beautiful or grand,
Than that which Cotehele's tower presents to him
Who climbs its breezy battlements.

The tide

Has borne us swiftly onward, yet how smooth
The powerful impulse! Time, too, unperceiv'd,
Has darted by with more than lightning speed.
How soon the hour, when Pleasure crowns our heads
With garlands, vanishes! but not unmark'd,
Nor unadmired, were the scenes which rose
In fair succession on the flying shores.

Now voyaged we beneath the pensile bough,
Deep shading all below, and now we held
Our course in the full sunshine : following still
Where'er convolving like the wanton eel
Old Tamar led his flood. Each moment brought
Fresh pleasure ; for to him whom nature charms,
There are exhaustless sources of delight,
Whether he cleaves the stream, or walks the field,
Ascends the hill to throw his eager glance
O'er the wide prospect, or, reflecting strays
Through the peace-loving vales. Across his path
The butterfly floats not on golden wing,
But straight he hails the wanderer that loves
The bright and breezeless June. The hum of bee
Is music to his ear, and oft he stands
To view the busy chemist as he toils
Through all the sun-bright hours. No smiling knot
Of early primroses, upon the warm,
Luxuriant, southern bank appears, unmark'd
By him ; nor in the high and clustering hedge
Does Flora plant the flower that gives the wind
Its odour,—that sweet honeysuckle, which

Is fair as fragrant, but his well-pleas'd eye
Acknowledges its charms. Intent to note
Each object thus,—delighted to survey
Those forms and hues which nature ever shows
In infinite display, the flight of time
So rapid, we mark'd not, nor yet the force
Of the impetuous tide; and, lo! ere yet
We deem'd it near, see CALSTOCK'S hamlet rise.

Sublimely seated on yon airy ridge,
High peering o'er the woods, the village church
Lifts to the cloud its venerable tower.
The peasant thence, exulting, looks on all
The boundless prospect; but his raptur'd eye
In all the goodly picture sees no spot
So dear to him as that beloved vale,
Where his cot, straw-roof'd, borders on the stream
Of his own wandering Tamar. Priz'd by him
Is his abode of bliss. The morning gale
Steals through his leaf-hung lattice, breathing round
The odours of the garden; and how sweet,
How cool, how all-reviving, is the breeze

To him; of fragrant evening. 'Tis the hour
Of grateful, welcome rest. Relaxing then
On the oak bench before his cottage door,
Surrounded by his children, pleas'd he looks
On the rich harvests waving round; the fields
Strew'd with the odorous hay, the orchards hung
With crops of fairest promise;—or his eye
Rests on the sun irradiating all
The glowing West with his celestial hues:
And as the twilight slowly, solemnly,
Approaches, lulling Nature to repose,
“And light and sound are ebbing from the earth,”
Poor were the treasures of the radiant Ind,
To purchase raptures exquisite as his.

O sweet reposing cots! O mansions fair!
That rear your snow-white fronts 'mid bowers of bliss,
What charms have palaces, compar'd with yours?—
What has the regal dome, that men should wade
Through seas of blood to reach it? Ye who live
Where wreathing through the deep umbrageous
grove,

The tell-tale smoke upcurls, are happier far
Than the proud monarch of the proudest realm
That earth has on its bosom ! In the gay
And glittering fane, let trains of courtiers wait
Watching the nod of royalty ;—a king
Is solitary in the servile crowd,
For there he lacks sincerity and truth
To guide his erring footsteps ! Him no airs
Of morn salute, for grandeur seldom hears
The lark that hails the dawn ! To you are left,
Who live within the deep retiring dale,
The all supreme of pleasure, though despis'd ;
For peace, and health, and meek contentment love
To dwell for ever in the rural reign.

Now martial music makes the woodlands ring,
And its full stream, harmonious, pours along
The shores ; but, ah ! no “rosy crowned loves,”
With “antic sport,” and “blue-eyed pleasures” frisk
Light in the frolic dance ! Nor shall we see
The ¹⁸wood-gods peep from alleys green ; but mark,
How Labour, on the high and sunny slopes,

Listens delighted! how "brown Exercise"
Suspends his ardent toil! Those infant groupés,
Who, for the insatiate and devouring town,
From day to day, incessant, pluck the ripe
And luscious strawberry, are wondering too
At the strange minstrelsy which thus invades
The impressive silence of their native vale.

MUSIC! how fascinating are thy strains!
Thy magic power have all the nations felt,
E'en from the birth of time! The polish'd,—rude,—
The wandering savage, and the reasoning sage,
Thy influence have own'd. The mightiest hearts
Have been subdued;—the noblest, fairest forms
Have yielded to thy witcheries; and still
Thou hold'st dominion over every part
Of the wide earth; but, ah! thy favorite clime
Was Greece, immortal Greece! so silent now.

But see, how Devon beautifully lifts
Her bank, high peering o'er the eccentric stream!
Mark how the pensile woodlands from the brink

Of the clear labyrinthian waters clothe
The slopes ;—one deep and dark and graceful sheet
Of verdure, climbing to the aerial ridge !
Long has the eye, Cornubia, raptur'd look'd
On thy green border—on thy graceful hills
Clad with profusion of the summer leaf ;
But now thy rival plants within the flood
Her giant masses, her majestic rocks ;
And waves her mountain groves, and bursts at once
With all her wonted grandeur on the view !

Decay, and ruin, and oblivion wait
On all the proudest works of man ! He lifts
His daring edifices to the skies, he piles
His gorgeous temples, and proclaims how great,
How fair, how durable, his cities are ;
And their foundations deep within the rock
Triumphant lays ! But still the mouldering hand
Of Fate is on his noblest towers, and sweeps
His columns and his cities from the earth
With such wide-wasting besom, that no trace
Remains to tell the traveller where stood

The boasted structures once ! What wonder then
If (as the poet sings) thy turrets rose,
HAREWOOD, ¹⁹ in yon peninsula, that they
Have yielded to the desolating power
Which stalks the universe ! O where around
Thy black-brow'd battlements arose the groves,
Enwrapping in their deep-dark gloom the prize
By treachery won—the all-resistless maid
Elfrida, Devon's daughter ? Here she liv'd
Almost unseen, (like some delicious flower
That, far from human eye, adorns the glen,)
And, haply, liv'd enamour'd of the shades,
And sigh'd for Athelwold, by courts detain'd
Far from her native Tamar ; till the voice
Of royal lover woke new wishes ;—woke
Revenge and fierce ambition. Then the bower
Which love had rear'd within the stream-fed vale,
She left, contemptuous, for the regal dome ;
And, reckless of her earliest, tenderest vows,
Trode o'er a husband's corse and reach'd a crown.

HAREWOOD, if e'er that haughty beauty trod

Thy fair peninsula,—if e'er she stray'd
Among thy groves, and on the flowery bank
Of Tamar rov'd, or from thy emerald brow
Delighted gaz'd ;—O ! never from that hour
When she turn'd from thee,—never did she taste
Such happiness, as in her native bowers
Bless'd her fine opening youth ! A poor exchange
Were royalty's rich splendours, for the ease
That waits on virtuous privacy, for all
The pleasures of the rural life !—the breath
Of the fresh western gale, the groves that wave
And murmur in it, the elysian view,
The stream which flow'd in music at her feet,
The birds that hail'd the glorious sun, or pour'd
The witching vesper lay. To those who love
The call of fierce Ambition,—sylvan scenes
Though boundless, beautiful, no charms afford ;
And to the ear that lists her specious tale
Birds sing, streams flow, and gales breathe soft—in
vain.

What crowds amid the blood-stain'd flight of time

Have bent the knee to thee, Ambition, vile
Insatiate Moloch ! Thy Circæan cup
Thou holdest to the lips of man, and he,
Infuriated by the maddening draught,
Forgets the ties of brotherhood, and acts
Like a foul fiend. Through seas of human gore
He wades to his destructive aim ; his heart
Is pitiless and hard ; his arm is strong
To waste, to murder ; and his flashing eye
Is tearless. Vainly rolls upon his ear
The deathful shriek ; he hears it not, and thus
The maniac lords it o'er his suffering kind,
Till Fate omnipotent arrest his hand
And Justice drag him to her awful bar.

E'en in the ear of gentle woman, thou
Breathest unholy wishes ; and when once,
Ambition, thou hast captive led the soul,
The fairest form may hide a tigress' heart !
Ah, let Corfe-Castle ²⁰ tell how woman urg'd
The secret, sanguinary blow ! thy hand,

ELFRIDA, pointed there the assassin's knife,
And stain'd it with a British monarch's blood.

O, HAREWOOD, thron'd upon yon sunny hill,
The most romantic, restless foot might stop
Awhile on thy bright eminence ;—the eye
By suffering clouded, might the beamy glance
Of pleasure throw on all that from thy brow
Diffusive spreads ! The horizon wild is thine,
Far seen, where Cornwall mingles with the sky ;
And thine the enchanting views that spread around
Of mellowing harvests, the all cheering green
Of fields inclos'd, the golden orchards, vales
With flowers and fruitage bless'd, the interchange
Of graceful hill and dale ; while far below,
Disclos'd in all his wanderings, Tamar leads
By rock and crag, by woods and flowery meads,
Smoothly and silently, his wanton course.

The hour of noon is pass'd, and yet the ray
So fiercely glows that e'en the veteran swain
Reluctantly declines the field, and quits

His scythe remorseless, destin'd to lay low,
Anon, the glory of the meadows. Here,
Where hospitality has kindly rear'd,
Beneath the umbrage of the pleasant bank,
A welcome ²¹ dome; here, will we rest awhile
And spread the social board. A rural treat
Be ours, the feast of friendship; far away
Be dull formality, and farther still
Be reckless riot and profusion. Now,
The bough our canopy, the sward our seat,
The frugal, plentiful regale begins,
And, pleas'd, the lusty appetite partakes
(Provok'd by abstinence and air) the cheer.

The choice repast is ended, and we hoist
Once more the sail, for now a gentle breeze
Dimples the bosom of the river. Day
Has lost its radiance and its fervours fierce,
And Evening hastes with cool, refreshing breath,
To soothe and renovate the panting world.

Again the sail of commerce! On the bank

Brown Industry beneath the fervent beam
Plies hard to land the freight. The sailor smiles
To see his cargo, by a power unseen
Impell'd, ascend the ²² plane abrupt. The hand
Of skill and dauntless perseverance has
Pierc'd the dark mountain side, and led the stream
Of Tavy through the cavern. Darkling flows
The flood for many a furlong, till the ray
Of heaven, bright breaking, guides the laden bark
To the far-distant town. The daring arm
Of Enterprize, by godlike Science led,
Has fill'd our isle with wonders. Still be thou,
England, the envy of the nations ! Long
Maintain thou thy pre-eminence, and be,
From age to age, supreme in arts and arms.

How far the all-powerful and majestic tide
Its silent, irresistless course pursues !
How has the mighty impulse borne us on,
Through every maze perplex'd where 'Tamar loves
To lead the voyager ! By breezy hills,

And soft retiring dales, by smiling lawns,
Bold headlands dark with umbrage of the groves,
By towns, and villages, and mansions fair,
And rocks magnificent, the potent rush
Of the mysterious ocean has impell'd
Our bark to day ; but, mark ! its force is spent,
Swift it retreats adown the verdant bank,
And ere yon lovely blushing flower had sipp'd
The draught saline, an agency unseen
Check'd the usurping flow, and, lo ! it rolls
Backward its flood,—behold the obedient ebb !

Cornwall still offers us her leaf, and clothes
Her bank with beauty, but Devonian fills
The eye with her magnificence. Ye rise,
Ye noble rocks, with grandeur ; ²³ but ye have
An air of loveliness, for Summer throws
Unnumber'd wreaths around you. Not thus break
Upon the view, the hideous crags which edge
The eternal ocean, beetling o'er the deep
With most terrific aspect, huge and wild,
And bleak and desolate, by nature set

To battle with the world of waters. Here
Arise not fearful sounds from roaring cliffs
And howling caverns,—voices strange and deep
That terrify the ear, and reflux force
The life-blood's purple current. Nothing here
Is heard but the soft murmur of the stream,
Or lute of voyager, or gush of song,
From brake, and bower, and sky. Devonian lifts
Her rocks sublimely, but they wear a crown,—
A verdurous crown, and have a graceful zone
Of flowers and foliage, while around their feet
The frequent grove uprushes,—majesty,
And strength, and beauty !

Hark ! the bugle breaks
The deep repose ! The shores are echoing round,
And the rich stream of melody rolls down
The slopes sublime, and sweeps with lightning speed
The sounding groves, and the rejoicing vales :
A thousand wings are sailing the mid air
For the blast shook the woods ;—'tis o'er,—again
Silence assumes her sway, the feather'd tribes

Drop one by one into the peaceful shades ;
And nought in this sweet solitude is heard,
Save distant bell or lapse of silv'ry rill.

Amid this region of enchantment stands
A pile stupendous, ²⁴ rising from the flood
Abruptly ; and though nature round its base
Has flung her leafage, yet its sides are bare,
And verdureless, and shiver'd. On its top
A shape fantastic, wild, uncouth, appears,
Like some deserted wind-worn turret which
Has borne the storm of ages ! He who skims
The stream below looks up with reverence,
And quickly dips his oar and hastens by
The frowning pinnacle ; for Time has been
Most busy here, and has bestrewn the ground
With massive fragments. Round the hoary wreck,
The hawk is sailing now, the tyrant loves
To build his nest where desolation holds
Her lonely reign ; he seeks the crag, the rock,
The inaccessible and dreary height,

And there unscar'd, unsought, the prowler feeds
With bloodiest plunder his insatiate brood.

And well, bold rock, has Nature plac'd thee here—
Thus rugged, blasted, frowning, verdureless !
More lovely seem the groves with thee so near,
More fair, more fresh ; thou rushest on the view
With front so wild and withering, that we turn
With eager eye to look on them,—array'd
In living, youthful beauty. But farewell,
Dread chronicle of centuries ! we haste
To moor our skiff, awhile, where on the ear
Delighted, falls the music of the WEIR.

And hark ! upon the eddying breeze of eve
The rush sonorous comes. Now sweep we round
The point of that green island,—there, disclos'd
At length, in graceful curve the river pours,
From bank to bank, the liquid volumes down.

There are no sweeter sounds on earth than those

Of gently falling waters ; but when loud
As thunder, from some height terrific breaks
The foaming torrent, leaping into gulphs
Profound and horrible, the offended ear
Listens dismay'd. The astonish'd eye surveys
The headlong cataract, plung'd far below
Upon the groaning rock ; it views the whirls,
The foaming currents, wave on wave commix'd
In furious endless conflict, and declines
The appalling spectacle. Not thus descends
The gentle Tamar. Leading on his flood
Swelled by auxiliar streams, he strays awhile
Amid the lawns of Werrington, and laves
Thy ancient walls, Launceston. Thence, in deep
And silent course, he seeks thy leaf-clad bridge,
Romantic Greystone, murmuring gently through
Thy ivied arches. With the ocean tide,
Seeking proud union then, the tranquil flood
Rolls on, till smoothly, musically, leaps
The bright, descending river o'er the Weir.

'Tis o'er,—the day declines,—with sober step

Pale Evening comes ; and every eye that saw
The cheerful morn, and glisten'd at the sight,
Looks westward, now, where sits the God of Day
Upon his burning throne ; the glowing clouds
Encircling him with hues no pencil dares .
To emulate. In vain the floating pomp—
The golden blaze—the emerald tints—the seas
Of sapphire, and the islets blest that sail
The ethereal ocean ; pensively we gaze
On that which should divinest pleasure yield,
And fain would Friendship, like the chief of old,
Arrest the course of yon departing Sun :
But ah ! in characters as true as grand
And beautiful, those evanescent streaks
Which now he scatters o'er the burning heaven,
Foretell the rapid close of day ! We seek
Reluctantly our bark, too soon to lose
Woods, rocks, and verdant hills, and smiling lawns,
In the deep shades of the relentless night.

Farewell, enjoyments of the fast-flown day !
Farewell !—a word best understood by him,

And felt, on whom the world has firmly fix'd
A chain, but seldom loosen'd through the flight
Of the long toiling year ! When Summer clothes
Anew the wanton woods, and strews her flowers,
And through the fields of æther the great Sun,
Rejoicing in his race, again shall shed
A day as fair as this, our skiff shall be,
Tamar, upon thy stream. Nor thoughtful seek
To lift the veil of Fate, nor fear the dart
That haply may, ere next year's sun shall gild
The sylvan scene, invade with aim too sure
This dear domestic circle ! Like the leaf,
When sweeps the annual death-blast o'er the woods,
'Tis true, we fall, when Heaven decrees the blow ;
But why by dread anticipation urge
That one who floated, Tamar, on thy flood
To-day, and raptur'd gaz'd upon thy banks,
Should, in the dreamless chambers of the tomb,
Slumber unconscious when the sun-bright floods
Are flowing, and inspiring Austral gales
Are gently breathing, and the soft voic'd lute
Is heard, and many a gilded pinnace floats

By green Cotehele? Resign'd to sternest Fate,
If we must fall, upon the night's dull ear
Let choicest melodies arise, to chase
'These visions of the future, till the Moon
Pouring her amber light o'er tower and tree,
Shall shed her holy calm ;—'tis done, and now
The charm of Music drives the fiend Distrust :
Ye spirit-chilling thoughts, away, away !
We still have Hope,—and, Hope is HAPPINESS.

NOTES.



NOTES TO THE BANKS OF TAMAR.

NOTE 1, Page 7.

Beneath the flashing Weir.

THE Tamar is navigable as far as the Weir, which, following the eccentric course of the river, is twenty-one miles from Devonport.

NOTE 2, Page 10.

*But 'tis not local prejudice that prompts
The lay, when Edgumbe is the inspiring theme.*

“ On the 3d (Feb. 1816) Galway Tudor and myself went on shore, to see the beautiful seat of Earl Mount Edgumbe. The prospect from the highest hill has greater variety, and is more beautiful *than any I had seen in England*. The great number of limestone cliffs, projecting in groups into the sea; the numerous bays, the two rivers that empty themselves into the harbour, the three towns of Plymouth, Devon-

port, and Stonehouse, the great number of ships of commerce and of war, the hills of Mount Edgecumbe covered with wood, and all this comprehended in one view, forms a most striking, lively and picturesque landscape."—*Professor Smith's Journal of his Voyage to Congo, with Captain Tuckey.*

"Mount Edgecumbe stands on an extensive base; it rises and projects like a promontory, forming the western boundary of Plymouth Roads. Its sides are majestically shaded by some beautiful old plantations, and its summit commands one of the finest prospects England presents. On the east the spectator beholds, as if beneath his feet, the road, and the vessels lying at anchor. The long narrow line formed by the town of Stonehouse, is distinctly marked; in front rise the citadel and insulated barracks of the Royal Marines; and in the rear, the magnificent naval and ordnance hospitals. Further to the left, the Hamoaze sends off numerous and deep ramifications from both its banks, as the trunk of a vigorous tree shoots forth its branches in all directions. Along an extent of upwards of four miles, its principal course is filled by first-rates, frigates, and smaller ships of war; some entirely dismantled, others rigged, fully equipped, and ready to join any sudden expedition, at a moment's warning. Finally, to crown this magnificent picture, the plains, hills, and high mountains of Devon and Cornwall, form on the east, north, and west, an immense amphitheatre of fields, meadows, heaths,

forests, and rocks. The two extremities of this amphitheatre, extend gradually to the ocean, the immense surface of which presents no resting point to the eye, except Eddystone Light-house.—*Dupin.*

“Mount Edgumbe is looked upon as the paradise of England; and what Mount Edgumbe is to one spot only, so appears the whole of Denmark from Elsinour to Copenhagen.”—*Sir Robert Ker Porter.*

NOTE 3, Page 17.

Thy hero lives
No more, fair Thanckes

The victory of the 1st of June, 1794, was opportunely achieved. The French, elated by their conquests on land, anticipated similar triumphs in the event of meeting the fleet of England at sea. The Continent awaited with anxiety the issue of the conflict, and the decisive result of the first great engagement, destroyed the charm of French invincibility. For his spirited services on this occasion. Admiral Graves was created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Lord Graves, Baron Graves of Gravesend, in the County of Londonderry. He was also rewarded with a gold chain and medal, and a pension of £1000 per annum. The following year he was

raised to the rank of Admiral of the White; but on account of a wound received on the first of June, and his advanced age, he never accepted of any subsequent command. His Lordship died in 1801, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, having spent more than fifty years of his life in the almost uninterrupted service of his country.

NOTE 4, Page 21.

Such a spot as Weston.

“The village of Weston Mill is seated at the head of a small inlet of the Tamar, environed by hills, which surround it like an amphitheatre,

‘From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.’

“The turnpike-house, with a small bridge thrown across the river; the mill, and the stream which supplies it; in short, all the circumstances connected with this sweet spot, are so happily disposed, that in almost every point of view, whether from the road, or the sides of the hills, they form a beautiful combination.”—*Picturesque Excursions, by H. I. Johns.*

NOTE 5, Page 21.

Luxuriant Antony.

The delightful seat of the Right Hon. R. P. Carew. The mansion is not visible to the voyager on the Tamar, but he cannot avoid being struck with the rich scenery of the neighbourhood. For a description of Antony, the Lynher, Trematon Castle, &c., see the "Plymouth and Devonport Guide," by H. E. Carrington.

NOTE 6, Page 25,

*Tamar too,
From its fam'd mount—*

"Mount Tamar, the seat of the late Captain Sir Thomas Byard, well known for the distinguished part he sustained in Lord Duncan's memorable engagement with the Dutch, off Camperdown, stands on the brow of an acclivity adjacent to King's Tamer-ton, and commands a fine view of the adjacent country; the prospect, however, is seen to greater advantage from some broken ground, which rises rather to the eastward of the house. Here, after toiling up the long ascent from Weston Mill, in which curiosity is excited by partial disclosures, a

most magnificent prospect presents itself, composed indeed of very dissimilar parts, but admirably combined, so as to form a perfect whole."—*Picturesque Excursions*, by H. I. Johns.

NOTE 7, Page 28.

*The Tamar seems
Enclasp'd by the green hills.*

"Leaving this diversified prospect in the rear, (the view from Mount Tamar,) a new scene suddenly bursts on the sight, so instantaneous in its disclosure, and so different from the preceding, that it appears to be the work of enchantment. The Tamar, still a principal object, here resigns its channel-like aspect, and, apparently environed by the surrounding hills, assumes the character of a lake, presenting a wide expanse of water, where all the vestiges of the harbour, and indeed every characteristic of the former view are lost.

"This scene, though unlike the preceding, is, however, equally beautiful. An air of simple grandeur pervades the whole, and every object tends to inspire the most soothing tranquillity. The field adjoining the western side of St. Bude's church-yard, is the spot from which this glorious view is seen to the

greatest advantage." — *Picturesque Excursions*, by
H. I. Johns.

NOTE 8, Page 27.

————— *Moditon appears*
Deep seated in the foliage.

"Moditonham is a delightful residence, and owes all its modern beauties to the spirited liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter. The house is a handsome freestone building; its interior is well finished, and fitted up in a superior style of elegance. The paintings are not numerous, but valuable; the excellence and variety of the drawings are, perhaps, rarely exceeded in a country residence, and for many of these beautiful productions, Moditonham is indebted to the genius of Mrs. Carpenter, whose love of the fine arts is exceeded only by an unremitting attention to the comforts of the indigent, and to the happiness of her family and friends."—*Gilbert's History of Cornwall.*

that in his boyhood, he had made many attempts in poetry, and that among his first essays in drawing, was a miniature of his mother. Music also formed a part of his juvenile pursuits; and English Composition in prose, in which he afterwards so eminently excelled, employed many of his youthful hours. The lovely and sublime scenery in the neighbourhood of his native town, took possession of his mind: and the perusal of the works of our best English Poets imparted to him an early bias for the beautiful, in descriptive poetry.

“This excellent man always evinced a decided predilection for Holy Orders, and was, at the proper time, entered at Christ Church, Oxford, where he enjoyed the notice and patronage of Dr. Kennicott, well known to the learned for his valuable edition of the Hebrew Bible, and other celebrated publications. At College he gave indications of a clear and vigorous intellect. He applied himself to his different studies, particularly to Divinity, with much diligence; and attracted by his talents, placid manner, and uniform propriety of behaviour, the notice of many characters of distinction: but a natural reserve, or rather an unobtrusive disposition, which accompanied him through life, was the barrier which prevented him from pushing his pretensions in the world, and reaching that rank in his sacred profession to which his superior mind, gifted eloquence, and blameless life, so eminently entitled him. It is painful to remark

that nothing more in the Church was allotted to him than the Curacy of Stonehouse, with a salary of fifty pounds a year ; and had he not previously been elected Master of the Plymouth Grammar School, with an income at best but precarious, he could not, with all his prudence, and living unmarried, have combated with the difficulties of the times. But the power of mind and taste prevailed over his condition ; he was not only happy in the possession of Poetry, Painting, and Music, but solicitous to create a taste for them in others ; and whatever may be the present developement of the Fine Arts in the town of Plymouth and its neighbourhood, the germ must justly be attributed to the late Dr. Bidlake.

“This amiable character sustained, with great patience, for the last three years of his life, that most afflicting calamity, a total deprivation of sight, accompanied with many bodily infirmities. During this dark and distressing part of his existence, he amused his mind by enlarging and preparing his most important Poem, “The Year,” for publication ; and many of the passages were composed by him a few weeks only before the work was printed. Dr. Bidlake, though a man of retiring and unassuming manners, was very communicative among his intimate friends, by whom he was beloved and respected : he was patient under injuries ; strict in his religious principles, but not intolerant ; devoted to the Church Establishment, but without preferment ; he possessed

NOTE 13, Page 33-

—————*vile rubbish meets*
The eye disgusted

At Bere Alston : this, though only a mean inconsiderable hamlet, in the parish of Bere Ferris, has the privilege of returning two members to parliament. "Beare," says Risdon, "was bestowed, by William the Conqueror, on a branch budded out of the house of Alençon, in France, and corruptly continueth the name to this day, in Bere-Alson."

There were formerly smelting-houses here, and the deleterious effects of the fumes proceeding from them were very speedily visible on the surrounding country. "Nothing can be more hostile to the beauties of nature than the process of mining. Its first step is to level the little wood with which she may have garnished the spots where she has concealed her ores. It then penetrates into the earth, and covers the neighbouring soil with unproductive rubbish. It proceeds to poison the brooks around with mineral impregnations, spreads far and wide the sulphureous smoke of its smelting-houses, blasts vegetation with destructive vapours, and obscures the atmosphere with the infernal fumes of arsenic and sulphur."

"So dreadfully deleterious," says the humane and enlightened Maton, "are the fumes of arsenic con-

stantly impregnating the air of those places, (smelting-houses) and so profuse is the perspiration occasioned by the heat of the furnaces, that those who have been employed at them but a few months, become most emaciated figures, and, in the course of a few years, are generally laid in their graves."

Mr. Polwhele says that more than one half the mining population falls a sacrifice to consumption, which is brought on by working in the damp.

NOTE 14, Page 37.

Pride of the stream, Pentillie rears its groves.

Pentillie Castle, the beautiful seat of John Tillie Coryton, esq. is seated on a bold knoll, which rises almost perpendicularly from the navigable waters of the Tamar. The present superb structure was erected from designs by William Wilkins, esq., the builder of Downing College, Cambridge, and author of "Magna Græcia," &c. The building, which is in the Gothic style, is chiefly composed of Portland stone, and forms a most striking ornament to this part of the country. The interior is elegantly finished, and the-lobby has one of the finest painted windows in England. A pedestal in the quadrangle, supports a full length statue of Sir James Tillie, in the costume of Queen Anne's reign.

NOTE 15, Page 39.

There Tillie rests.

At a small distance from the northern side of the mansion, rises a natural mount of a conical form, planted with firs and other evergreens. The top is ornamented with a stone temple, and beneath its floor is a vault, in which Sir James Tillie, once owner of this place, ordered himself to be interred, and therein, as he piously observed, he would "wait the coming of the general resurrection." Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on the Scenery of the West of England," inserts the following tale:

"Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentillie House, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and common-place jests against religion and scripture which are well suited to display pertness and folly and to unsettle a giddy mind, but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be, and are neither intended nor adapted to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit carried him a degree further than we often meet with in the annals of profaneness. In general, the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his contemporaries; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb,

and his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower, of such dimensions as he prescribed, where he proposed, he said, patiently to await the event. All this was done; and the tower still inclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and profaneness. The country people shudder as they go near it :

———Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes

Dira loci :——sylvam, saxumque tremebant."

Mr. Gilbert, however, in his History of Cornwall says :—" The interment of Sir James Tillie in this romantic spot certainly gave rise to many ridiculous stories, to which an air of probability has been given by the narrative of Gilpin. But nothing can be more false than his account of the body having been placed in a chair, with a table before it laid out with bottles, glasses, &c. On the contrary, the body was placed in a coffin, and deposited in a vault; and the choice of situation will not appear strange when it is considered that in the room above, Sir James Tillie had perhaps enjoyed the most happy hours of his life! His last will and testament has lately been examined by his heirs at Doctor's Commons, and in this document it is observable, that so far from his principles being atheistical, they breathe throughout a disposition fraught with the utmost submission to the will of Divine Providence, and a perfect confidence in the wisdom and mercies of the Creator."

NOTE 16, Page 51.

————— *ancient, proud Cotehele!*

Cotehele, a seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Mount Edgumbe, had in former times, owners of the same name, which ended at last, in Hilaria, (daughter of William de Cotehele, knt.) who carried this manor, and many other lands, in marriage to William de Edgumbe, in the reign of Edward III.

The present house was evidently erected about the time of Henry VII. The wooded grounds which surround it are of the grandest description, particularly at that part which is situated between the mansion and the river. This romantic space is crowded with oaks and Spanish chesnuts, of an immense size. "We thought these chesnuts," observes Gilpin, "scarcely inferior in grandeur to the proudest oaks. The tree on which Salvator Rosa has hung Ædipus is exactly one of them."

NOTE 17, Page 54.

————— *he dashed into the stream.*

The account which is given by Gilpin, of the escape of Cothele or Cotel, is evidently more entitled to

credence than that which is generally received. He says "The party of Coteil being beaten, he fled for his life; and as he was a man of consequence, was closely pursued. The Tamar opposed his flight. He made a short vow to the Virgin Mary, threw himself into the river, and swam safely to the promontory, before which we now lay on our oars. His upper garments, which he had thrown off, floated down the stream, and giving occasion to believe that he had perished, checked the ardour of pursuit. In the mean time Coteil lurked in his own woods, till a happier moment; and, in the day of security raised this chapel to the holy Virgin, his protectress, who had the full honour of his escape."

This building was repaired in 1769, by George Lord Edgumbe, the lineal descendant of Cothale. In the east window is some painted glass, representing the figure of a female saint, St. George and the Dragon, the Crucifixion, and the arms of Edgumbe and Durnford. On the altar stands a gilt crucifix, of wood, and a small image of a bishop, in pontificals. Over the altar are two old Gothic paintings; that on the right represents an angel holding in his hand a sceptre, on the top of which is a bird; and the other which is placed on the left represents a female figure with a book in her hand. A painted tablet, affixed to the south wall, represents a monument of Sir Richard Edgumbe, the founder of this chapel, and comptroller of the household to Henry VII. by whom

he was knighted at the battle of Bosworth Field. It appears by the inscription which is carried round the border, that being sent to France on a public embassy, he died on his return at Morlaix, in Brittany, September 8th, 1489, and was buried before the high altar of the convent church of that place. He is here portrayed in the habit of a knight, in elegant armour, kneeling on one knee before a desk, his helmet and gauntlets lying by his side. Before him stands a bishop in his robes, and in the centre of the monument are a plain cross and the arms of Edgecumbe. At the west end of the chapel is a fine painting, which represents the entombing of Christ.

NOTE 18, Page 60.

*Nor shall we see
The wood-gods peep from alleys green.*

"Nor in the woodlands seek I fancied gods,
The worn out themes, unfit for modern times;
Nor fairy train, though sacred made to song
By one more dear than all of Grecian name,
Immortal Shakspeare!"

BIDLAKE.

We were pleased, however, to mark a number of fine, hardy children, plucking strawberries on the high and sunny slopes; and now and then suspending their sweet labours, to gaze on the strangers in the boat below; and listen to the music of our band.

NOTE 19, Page 63.

*If (as the poet sings) thy turrets rose,
Harewood, in yon peninsula.*


Harewood is the place selected by Mason, for the scenes of love and distress attendant on the marriages of Athelwold and Elfrida.

The story is well told by Goldsmith :—" Edgar had long heard of the beauty of a young lady, whose name was Elfrida, daughter to the Earl of Devonshire ; but unwilling to credit common fame in this particular, he sent Ethelwald, (or Athelwold) his favourite friend, to see, and inform him, if Elfrida was indeed the incomparable woman report had described her. Ethelwald arriving at the earl's, had no sooner cast his eyes upon that nobleman's daughter, than he ~~he~~ came desperately enamoured of her himself. Such was the violence of his passion, that forgetting his master's intentions, he solicited only his own interests, and demanded for himself the beautiful Elfrida from her father in marriage. The favourite of a king was not likely to find a refusal : the earl gave his consent, and their nuptials were performed in private. Upon his return to court, which was shortly after, he assured the king that her riches alone, and her high quality, had been the cause of her fame, and he appeared amazed how the world could talk so much and so unjustly of her charms. The king was satisfied, and no longer felt any curi-

osity, while Ethelwald secretly triumphed in his address. When he had, by his deceit, weaned the king from his purpose, he took an opportunity, after some time, of turning the conversation on Elfrida, representing, that though the fortune of the Earl of Devonshire's daughter would be a trifle to a king, yet it would be an immense acquisition to a needy subject. He therefore humbly intreated permission to pay his addresses to her, as she was the richest heiress in the kingdom. A request so seemingly reasonable, was readily complied with; Ethelwald returned to his wife, and their nuptials were celebrated in public. His greatest care, however, was employed in keeping her from Court; and he took every precaution to prevent her appearing before a king so susceptible of love, while she was so capable of inspiring that passion. But it was impossible to keep his treachery long concealed. Edgar was soon informed of the whole transaction, but dissembling his resentment, he took occasion to visit that part of the country where this miracle of beauty was detained, accompanied by Ethelwald, who reluctantly attended him thither. Upon coming near the lady's habitation he told him that he had a curiosity to see his wife, of whom he had formerly heard so much, and desired to be introduced as his acquaintance. Ethelwald, thunderstruck at the proposal, did all in his power, but in vain, to dissuade him. All he could obtain was permission to go before, on pretence of preparing for the king's reception.

"On his arrival he fell at his wife's feet, confessing what he had done to be possessed of her charms, and conjuring her to conceal, as much as possible, her beauty from the king, who was but too susceptible of its power. Elfrida, little obliged to him for a passion that had deprived her of a crown, promised compliance; but prompted either by vanity or revenge, adorned her person with the most exquisite art, and called up all her beauty on the occasion. 'The event answered her expectations; the king no sooner saw, than he loved her, and was instantly resolved to obtain her. The better to effect his intentions, he concealed his passion from the husband, and took leave with a seeming indifference; but his revenge was not the less certain and fatal. Ethelwald was some time after sent into Northumberland, upon pretence of urgent affairs, and was found murdered in a wood by the way. Some say he was stabbed by the king's own hand; some, that he only commanded the assassination: however this be, Elfrida was soon after invited to court, by the king's own order, and their nuptials were performed with the usual solemnity."

Harewood house is now the elegant residence of Salusbury Trelawny, esq. It is a modern mansion, built of free stone, with three regular fronts, and is situated on a tongue of land, washed on three sides by the Tamar. From this charming seat, the river is seen winding amid the most diversified and enchanting scenery.



Antiquarians suppose that the seat of the lady's father, Orgar, Earl of Devon, was at Werrington, on the banks of the Tamar. This seat is now the property of his grace the Duke of Northumberland.

NOTE 20, Page 65.

*Ah, let Corfe-Castle tell how woman urg'd
The secret, sanguinary blow.*

"The king, (Edward the Martyr) hunting one day near Corfe-Castle, where Elfrida, his mother-in-law, resided, he thought it was his duty to pay her a visit, although he was not attended by any of his retinue. There desiring some liquor to be brought him, as he was thirsty, while he was yet holding the cup to his head, one of Elfrida's domestics, instructed for that purpose, stabbed him in the back. The king, finding himself wounded, put spurs to his horse; but fainting with the loss of blood, he fell from the saddle, and his foot sticking in the stirrup, he was dragged along by his horse till he died."

NOTE 21, Page 67.

A welcome dome.

Between Calstock and Morwellham the voyager discovers on the Devon bank, a pavilion, in which, and under the surrounding leafage, he is permitted to rest and regale himself. This building was erected by —Franklin, esq. the owner of a genteel mansion in the neighbourhood.

NOTE 22, Page 68.

*The hand
Of skill and dauntless perseverance has
Pierc'd the dark mountain side.*

At Morwellham. In the eminence above this tranquil village a tunnel has been formed, a mile and three quarters in length; and the Tavistock Canal has been introduced into the excavation. Iron boats navigate the cavern, and transport coals, manure, mineral productions, &c., to and from Morwellham, Tavistock, &c. The passage is terrific; and yet parties of pleasure, impelled by irresistible curiosity, occasionally pass through it, illuminated in their progress by the light of two candles only, one of which is not unfrequently extinguished by the drop-pings from the roof.

The side of the hill is very steep, yet the cargoes of vessels, raised by machinery, ascend with considerable facility.

NOTE 23, Page 69.

*Ye rise
Ye noble rocks with grandeur.*

A detailed description of the Morwell Rocks, and surrounding scenery, may be found in the "Plymouth and Devonport Guide," by H. E. Carrington.

NOTE 24, Page 71.

A pile stupendous.

The Chimney rock;—see the publication mentioned in the preceding note.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE STORM.

THE evening winds shriek'd wildly; the dark cloud
Rested upon the horizon's hem, and grew
Mightier and mightier, flinging its black arch
Around the troubled offing, till it grasp'd
Within its terrible embrace, the all
That eye could see of Ocean. Then arose
Forth from the infinite of waters, sounds
Confus'd—appalling ;—from the dread lee shore
There came a heavier swell, a lengthen'd roar,
Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear
With most portentous voice. Rock howl'd to rock,
Headland to headland, as the Atlantic flung
Its billows shore-ward,—and the feathery foam
Of twice ten thousand broken surges, sail'd

High o'er the dim seen land. The startled gull
With scream prophetic sought his savage cliff,
And e'en the bird that loves to sail between
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing
Flew from the blast's fierce onset.

One—far off—

One hapless ship was seen upon the deep,
Breasting the western waters. Nothing lived
Around her—all was desert—for the storms
Had made old Ocean's realm a solitude
Where man might fear to roam. And there she sat
A lonely thing amid the gathering strife,
With pinions folded—not for rest,—prepar'd
To struggle with the tempest.

And it came

As night abruptly clos'd; nor moon nor star
Look'd from the sky, but darkness deep as that
Which reign'd o'er the primæval chaos, wrapt
That fated bark, save when the lightning hiss'd
Along the bursting billow. Ocean howl'd

To the high thunder, and the thunder spoke
To the rebellious ocean with a voice
So terrible, that all the rush and roar
Of waves were but as the meek lapse of rills
To that deep, everlasting peal which comes
From thee, Niagara, wild flinging o'er
Thy steep the rivers of a world. Anon
The lightnings glar'd more fiercely, burning round
The glowing offing with unwonted stay ;
As if they linger'd o'er the black abyss,
And rais'd its veil of horror but to show
Its wild and tortur'd face. And then the winds
Held oft a momentary pause,
As spent with their own fury ; but they came
Again with added power—with shriek and cry
Almost unearthly, as if on their wings
Pass'd by the Spirit of the storm ;

They heard
Who rode the midnight mountain wave,—the voice
Of death was in that cry unearthly. Oft
In the red battle they had seen him stride



The glowing deck, scattering his burning hail
And breathing liquid flame, until the winds—
The very winds grew faint, and on the wave
Rested the column'd smoke;—but on that night
He came with tenfold terrors,—with a power
That shook, at once, heaven, earth; his ministers
Of vengeance round him,—the great wind, the sea,
The thunder, and the fated flash! Alas!
Day dawn'd not on the mariner;—ere morn
The lightning lit the seaman to his grave—
The sea-dog feasted on the dead!

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN
AT SCIO.

STRANGER, hast thou a home, and dost thou love
To think of it, and do fair visions rise,
Cheering thy path, of that all-hallow'd spot?
And is thy cot, though humble, guarded well
By that impartial sword of law which turns—
Still turns its fiery edge to all who dare
Insult thy dear elysium? then to heaven
Bend thou the knee of gratitude, thy cup
Of blessedness is full; but, haply, thou
Wilt drop a tear for us—for Scio!—once
The loveliest of those blooming isles that stud
The bright, the beautiful Ægeum:

Pause,

Stranger, a moment here ; for *we* had homes
Sacred as thine, and we were rich in all
That makes home—heaven. On rapid, noiseless

wing

Pass'd by the harmonious seasons. Summer breath'd
Her gentlest breezes on the sea,—the sea
In music broke upon the strand ; and there
The unconscious children play'd, while smiling age
Look'd on refresh'd, as infancy renew'd
The frolics of a far-gone hour. The lute
Was heard from many a bower ;—the maidens led
The dance of Ariadne. O'er their heads
The living canopy of flowers and fruits
In beautiful confusion droop'd ; the vine,
Sun-loving, shed its clusters purpling there
Like amethysts ; the luscious orange hung
Its golden spheres ; while in the genial ray
The red pomegranate glow'd. And some awoke
The pastoral strain where on its emerald stem
Uprose the olive, or the plane diffus'd
Its ample, grateful shade.

As springs the wolf
 Upon his unsuspecting prey—as swoops
 The eagle on the ring-dove;—nurs'd in crime,
 Fanatic, pitiless, revengeful, rush'd
 The sanguinary Moslem! One wild cry
 Rang round the wretched isle. Before the steps
 Of that ferocious Scythian lay the land,
 Smiling like Eden, and behind him frown'd
 A dreary wilderness. That peaceful strand
 Where play'd the children, redden'd with the blood—
 The mingled blood of youth and age. At once
 Temple and cot, and bower and grove, upflam'd;
 The mother clasp'd her child in vain,—in vain
 “Shriek'd to tame heaven the violated maid,”
 And forms as fair as Helen, fair as she
 Of Cytherea, forth the spoiler dragg'd
 To foul captivity!

But by the wrongs
 Of those who writhe in rank pollution's arms
 And call on us for help—by ages past
 Of bitter bondage—by that sacred cross

Which is our hope and battle sign, though scorn'd
 By CHRISTIAN Europe—by that innocent blood,
 The cry of which, e'en now, is pealing round
 The throne of the Avenger,—not in vain
 Shall suffering woman plead ! Again, it comes—
 The ancient unsubmitting spirit comes,—
 The high resolve, the proud contempt of pain,
 Of danger, death ; and as indignant Greece
 Leads on her sons to victory, the hand—
 City of blood, Stamboul,—the unerring hand
 Of fate, rings deeply on thy startled ear
 The knell of tyranny.

ON VIEWING THE DEAD BODY OF A
BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

*Nascentes morimur finisque
Ab origine pendet.*—HORACE.

THERE is a smile upon that cheek—
Those lips would seem almost to speak,
Calm is that look, that brow is fair,
The flaxon ringlet wantons there !
And well those features sweet we trace,
Which hover on that angel face ;
He seems enrapt in slumber deep—
Ah, Edwin, 'tis thy long, last sleep !

The chill of death is on that cheek—
Those lips shall never silence break ;
No soul is in that cherub smile,
Illusive charm, and lovely guile !

The eye has shot its final spark,
The liquid, lustrous orb—is dark !
And swift must every feature fly
From the soft face of infancy !

And now—the kiss of agony,
“ Whose touch thrills with mortality,”
The parents give—but who shall tell
The anguish of that fond farewell !
Yet, from the grave’s mysterious night
That form again shall spring to light !
E’en now in yon eternal rest,
The unearthly mansion of the blest,
The uncloth’d spirit joins the hymn
Swelling from burning seraphim :
And were our passport to the skies
As his—then speed each hour that flies,
And earth, let each successive sun
“ Swift rise—swift set—be bright and done.”

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

O what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favorite son !
Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,—
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.

BYRON.

LIST not Ambition's call, for she has lured
To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice
Though sweet as the old syren's is as false !
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle-field where red Destruction waves
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead ! On Ocean's wave
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall—at last
In Victory's gory arms ! To Learning's sons

She promises the proud degree—the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That Fame on her imperishable scroll
Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn
And Genius yet deploras ! In studious cell
Immured, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant clos'd, and Sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled, insensibly, and night with day ;—
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark,—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry,—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices ;—all was joy
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night
The nightingale ;—he heeded not the lay

Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky ;—
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow, relume the drooping eye
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—
One giant-passion master'd all—and Death
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave ;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires !

Yet hope sustain'd
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as with fluttering step
And beating heart, and cheek with treacherous bloom

Suffus'd, he press'd where Science oped the gates
Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise
Of learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant—DEATH;—and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary he wreath'd
The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd
The cypress with the laurel :—at his foot
Perish'd the “MARTYR STUDENT.”

THE GAMESTER.

Loud howl'd the winter storm,—athwart the sky
Rush'd the big clouds,—the midnight gale was high ;
O'er the proud city sprang th' avenging flash,
And tower and temple trembled to the crash
Of the great thunder-peal. Again the light
Swift tore the dark veil from the brow of night ;
And, ere the far chas'd darkness, closing round
As the flame vanish'd, fell still more profound,
Again the near-heard tempest, wild and dread,
Spake in a voice that might awake the dead !
Yet while the lightning burn'd—the thunder roar'd—
And even Virtue trembled—and adored—
Alone was heard within the gamester's hell
The gamester's curse—the oath—the frantic yell !

Fix'd to one spot—intense—the burning eye
Mark'd not the flash—saw but the changeful die!—
And, deaf to heaven's high peal,—one demon vice
Possess'd their souls—triumphant avarice!
Loud howl'd the winter storm:—night wore away
Too slow, and thousands watch'd and wish'd for day;
And there was one poor, lonely, lovely thing,
Who sat and shudder'd as the wild gale's wing
Rush'd by—all mournfully. Her children slept
As the poor mourner gazed—and sigh'd—and wept!
Why sits that anguish on her faded brow?
Why droops her eye?—Ah, Florio, where art thou?
Flown are thy hours of dear domestic bliss—
The fond embrace—the husband's—father's—kiss—
Bless'd tranquil hours to love and virtue given,
Delicious joys that made thy home—a heaven!
Flown—and for ever;—love—fame—virtue—sold
For lucre—for the sordid thirst of gold;—
The craving, burning wish that will not rest,
The vulture-passion of the human breast—
The thirst for that which—granted or denied—
Still leaves—still leaves—the soul unsatisfied;

Just as the wave of Tantalus flows by,
Cheating the lip and mocking the fond eye !

Yet oft, array'd in all their genuine truth,
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth ;
More bright—more beautiful those visions rise,
As cares increase, on our regretful eyes ;
And when the storms of life infuriate roll,
Unnerve the arm, and shake th' impassive soul,
Then Memory, always garrulous, will tell
The glowing story of our youth too well ;
And scenes will rise upon the pensive view,
Which Memory's pencil will pourtray too true !
Thus when Repentance warm'd his aching breast,
He turn'd him, tearful, to those scenes so bless'd
And fresh they came,—a dear, departed throng
Of joys that wrung the heart, by contrast strong ;—
Lost, lov'd delights that forc'd the frequent sigh,
And chill'd the life-blood while they charm'd the eye !
Could he forget when first—O thrilling hour !
He woo'd his Julia in her native bower ?

Forget?—the tender walk—the gate—the cot—
Th' impassion'd vow,—ah could they be forgot?
Sweet noons—sweet eves—when all below—above,
Was rapture—and the hours were wing'd by love!
But chief one dear remembrance—one more bright
Than all, though cherish'd, rush'd upon his sight—
The morn that—blushing in her virgin charms,
Gave the wrong'd Julia to his eager arms!—
Ah, wrong'd—for though remorse full deeply stung
His bosom, to the damning vice he clung;
And she, poor victim, had not power to stay
The wanderer on his wild and desperate way;—
While round her, ever, sternly—fiercely—sweep
Views of the future,—gloomy—dark—and deep!
Prophetic glances!—he has left again
His sacred home, to seek the gamester's den!—
Ah, aptly term'd a hell, for oft Despair
And Suicide, twin brothers, revel there!
Awake, infatuate youth, for Death is nigh
Guides the dread card, and shakes the fateful die!
Awake, e'er yet the monster lay thee low,
All that thou lovest perish in that blow!

The strong temptation—firmly—nobly—spurn :
Home—children—wife—may yet be thine;—return
To virtue and be happy ;—but, 'tis o'er—
Stripp'd of his all he may return no more !
Ruin'd he stands,—the tempter plies his part—
As the head reels, and sinks the bursting heart !
With fell despair his glaring eyeballs roll,
And all the demon fires his madden'd soul ;
The bullet speeds—upon the blood-stain'd floor
He lies—and Play has one pale victim more !

ARISE MY LOVE.

"Solomon's Song."—Chap. ii.

ARISE ! my love, the new-born gale
Breathes softly o'er each fragrant vale ;
The rains are past,—from sapphire skies
Darts the warm beam ; lo ! winter flies.
The soul of music wakes, and now,
'Mid the wild notes of sky and bough,
The turtle's voice, in accents bland,
Floats through Judea's pleasant land.

How balmy is Judea's breeze !
How lovely are her flowers and trees !
The fig drinks lustre from the sun,
The vines from "bud to beauty" run.

Arise! my love, the leaf-wreath'd hills,
And flowers that fringe the sparkling rills,
And songs that roll, and gales that play
At morn, await thee—come away.

O! let me hear thy voice divine,
And view the living lustre shine,
From eyes to me more dear—more bright
Than all Spring's heaven of life and light.
O! what were Spring without thee, love,
Or minstrelsy below—above—
Bud, leaf, bloom, flower, or genial ray?
Arise, my fair one, come away!

ON THE DEATH OF LOUISA,
DAUGHTER OF B. COUCH, ESQ., PLYMOUTH YARD.

*Cara LOUISA vale! ac veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara redi, cæta tum dicam voce paternos
Eja age in amplexus, cara LOUISA, redi!*

Who loves not, when the beam and breeze and show'r
Of gentle Spring has deck'd anew his bower,
(While the clear song that hails the welcome morn
Thrills in the sky, or echoes from the thorn)
To mark the beauty of each bud that blows,
Primrose, and lily, and the imperial rose,
And myriad forms beside that love the ray
Of the great sun, and open to the day
In loveliest succession, birth on birth,
The graceful offspring of the young green earth?—

But if, amid the wild bird's carolling,
In that sweet hour of bud and blossoming,
The sudden storm should burst, and one dread blow
Lay all the glory of the garden low ;
Who hears that ruthless gale which sweeps along,
Blasting the bud, and silencing the song,
And sighs not that the greenest leaf of spring
Should, wither'd, fly upon the gale's wild wing,
And that the peerless forms which met his eye
Were frail as fair, and were but born to die ?

Weep not the flowret's fate—a sudden doom,
Undreaded, may descend upon *thy* bloom,
As on the hopes of Spring. “The young life gushes
In us as in the lusty trees and bushes,”
And is destroy'd as soon. The tempest *may*
Cloud the blue heavens of youth's delicious day ;
The mortal blast *may* come—the fatal gale
That smites at once, or with Consumption pale
Drinks the life-blood by drops. From hour to hour
How bitter 'tis to feel the active power

Of keen disease within us, (like a worm
That preys upon the queen-rose' fading form)
Securely ambush'd, gnawing at the seat
Of life, nor thence a moment to retreat,
Till health and vigour, bloom and beauty past,
Helpless and hopeless, comes the blow at last—
Till fate, reluctant brings the closing hour,
And earth receives the blighted human flower.

Priz'd is the spot where first we drew our breath,
Priz'd to the last, and honour'd e'en in death :
O ! Earth has scenes all lovely, but has none
Cherish'd as those which rest around our own
Our darling home ; and Cambria's charms essay'd
In vain to please the death-devoted maid.
She came.—LOUISA saw her native strand,
Saw too how blushing Spring had strew'd the land
With all things beautiful ; with bud, and bloom,
And leaf, and wing'd the breezes with perfume—
Those genial gales which from the wide, wild sea
Breathe o'er our austral vales deliciously.

But not the soft, the balmy airs of Spring,
When woods are green, and streams are murmuring,—
Not the wild song that floats o'er hill and dale,
Nor odours of Devon's gentlest gale
Can give delight, or bid the roses glow,
When deep within us works the silent foe—
Insatiate Consumption ! Summer came,
With brow of beauty and with soul of flame,
And, at his lov'd approach, a welcome high
Joyfully rose of earth, and sea, and sky ;—
But thee, LOUISA, not the glorious June,
Nor sheafy Autumn, that came stealing soon
Upon the ruddy August ; thee, nor gales
Of summer seas that breathe o'er Devon's vales,
Nor Autumn's pleasant voice, might aid or cheer,
From month to month, decaying with the year ;
Till the stern Winter, with his frozen breath,
Pass'd o'er thee, and that chilling touch was—Death.

Farewell ! the blast upon thy tender bloom
Has rush'd, thou youthful tenant of the tomb !

Farewell!—but Hope, that in the darkest night
Cheers the fond eye with visions ever bright,
Points to that region where unchanging bliss
Waits on the way-worn traveller of this!
There living streams for ever freshly flow,
And the rude tempest has no leave to blow;
There the rose feels no blight—but sweetly rise,
Swept by no storm, the flowers of Paradise;
And there, while joys extatic fill the breast,
And earth's poor wanderers rest, for ever rest,
Immortal music pours her raptur'd lay,
Heard through one bright, calm, pure, eternal day.

THE HOLIDAY.

Let it not be supposed that the author of these lines is inimical to occasional Holidays. He has had too few intervals, himself, of leisure, and of rest from the incessant demands of Labour, not to wish more of these for others. On the day of the public festival to which this piece refers, he saw myriads of his fellow-beings, happy and smiling under the influence of a Midsummer sun, and he was delighted ;—reflections, however, on the mutability of all sublunary enjoyment would force themselves :—

PASS some few years, and all this human stream
Which now, deep, full, and strong, impetuous flows
Along the crowded street, shall pour itself
By thousand channels, silent, unperceiv'd
Into the Ocean of Eternity !
Awake, arouse thee,—be thou young and gay,
And beautiful as Hebe, or as rich
As the fam'd Lydian ;—thou shalt disappear
With this now living torrent, and thy course

Through life shall be as difficult to trace
As the cloud-track in heaven ! Thy race, thy name,
Thy very memory shall die, for they
Who shall come after thee will never scare
The dreams of pleasure with those thoughts austere
That dwell upon the dead !

The city still

Shall swarm with life when thou and thy compeers
Are lost to human vision. Still the trump
Of vain ambition will be sounded ;—soft
Will breathe the lyre of luxury, as now,
Luring its multitudes ;—and wealth will wake
Desires intense ;—and men will still exchange
Their souls for gain ;—and vice will have its shrines
In the “high places” of the faithless earth ;—
And toil and care, and stern adversity
Destroy their thousands, and prosperity
Its tens of thousands !

But my mind has stray'd

In a most fitful mood, to muse on things

Mysterious, and severe on day like this
So bright and cheerful. O thou boundless sky,
And sun, that art the glory of that sky,
And thou all worthy of them—thou great sea,
And ye magnificent woods, and mighty cliffs
Rushing to heaven, ye fields and woods and streams,
Let me look on, and love you ;—beautiful things
And vast ;—for ye have power to bless the soul
Contemplative, that ponders on your charms
Divine ; the while the angel Hope shall dart
A ray upon the distance, and dispel
Each dark foreboding ! Let me gaze on you,
And drink delight.—I cannot long be sad
When ye are near—and smiling.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

O BEAUTIFUL it is to see around
The hearth domestic,—parents, children, met
In sweet and holiest friendship. Hour on hour
Tranquilly flowing—o'er the stream of Time
They glide delighted ;—lip, and heart, and hand
United ; or if haply aught of strife
Breathe on the gentle current of their days,
'Tis as the zephyr comes on summer seas,
Rippling—not roughening to a wave—and gone
Almost as soon as felt. The Earth has not
Among her scanty pleasures, bliss like this
So pure—so exquisite ; nor has that Earth
Amid her infinite of ills, a state
More wretched and debasing than the Hell
Of hate domestic.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

In the spring of 1825, I had passed a night of agony, but about four in the morning, the pain became less severe, and sitting up in bed, I beheld the first glorious rays of the sun darting along the fronts of the houses, and at the same moment, the lay of one of the finest larks I ever heard, burst on my ear. I knew his voice well—he was a songster indeed—an old favourite—the property of a cobbler, “*a bird fancier*,” who sits like a tyrant in the midst of scores of imprisoned melodists. A pencil was at hand, and I wrote the following lines :—

MINSTREL—the city still is wrapp’d in sleep,
But through its noiseless streets the level beam
Of morn is stealing, and thy wakeful eye
Has mark’d the welcome radiance. One faint ray
Of light is on thy cage, and has inspir’d
That strain—the sweetest which I ever heard
From *captive* lyrist. Though my hours, to-night,
Have pass’d in pain, and this delicious morn

Rises upon a sleepless couch, I hear
Thy voice, refresh'd, thou blessed bird, and dwell
Upon thy heavenly tones that have the power
To soothe e'en agony. Thy gaoler wakes,
Haply, to list them too, but lay like thine
Shoul never roll its music on the ear
Of him, who stole thee from thy native fields,—
Of him a wretched plunderer, whose heart
Soft pity never touch'd, and whose dull eye
Ne'er sparkled with a tear !

So let the beam
Brighten the silent street, and zephyr fan
Thy mottled plumes, and o'er thee bend the sky
Of deep and beautiful azure—sing not thou
To thy remorseless tyrant—break not thus
His slumbers with a burst as fresh and frank,
As free-wing'd minstrels pour. Ah, still the strain
Of music flows—the sleeping city rings
With heavenly melodies. There is so much
Of inspiration in that beam of morn—
There is so much of freshness in its breeze—

And such a deep—a quenchless love of song
In thy young heart, that thou canst not be mute ;
Thy soul is thrill'd—thy wings are shivering wild
With ecstasy ;—thy neck is upward stretch'd,
Ruffled with keen desire ;—thine eye is fix'd
On the loft heaven ;—yet louder, sweeter, comes
The lay ;—then bless thee, bird, sing on, and be
For ever happy—thus !

THE HELLWEATHERS.

"Sir Cloudesly Shovel's ship, the Association, struck upon the Gilstone off Scilly, with so much violence, that in about two minutes the vessel went down and every soul on board but one perished. This man saved himself on a piece of timber, which floated to a rock called the Hellweathers, where he was compelled to remain some days before he could receive any assistance. Besides the Association, the Eagle of 70, and the Romney of 50 guns, perished with all their crews. The Firebrand fire ship was also lost, but most of her crew were saved. Many persons of rank and about 2,000 seamen perished on this occasion."

Drew's History of Cornwall.

THE blue wave roll'd away before the breeze
Of evening, and that gallant fleet was seen
Darting across the waters ; ship on ship
Following in eager rivalry, for home
Lay on the welcome lee. The sun went down
Amid a thousand glorious hues that liv'd
But in his presence ; and the giant clouds

Mov'd on in beauty and in power before
The day-god's burning throne. But soon was o'er
The pomp celestial, and the gold-fring'd cloud
Grew dark and darker, and the Elysian tints
Evanish'd—swift ; the clear bright azure chang'd
To blackness, and with twilight came the shriek
Of the pursuing winds. Anon on high
Seen dimly through the shadowy eve, the Chief
Threw out the wary signal,* and they paus'd
Awhile upon the deep. Again they gave
Their sails to the fresh gale—again the surge
Swept foaming by, and every daring prow
Pointed to England ;—England ! that should greet
With her green hills, and long lost vales, their eyes
On the sweet morrow. Beautiful is morn,
But, oh, how beautiful the morn that breaks
On the returning wanderer, doom'd no more
To live on fancy's visions of that spot
Beyond all others lov'd ;—that very spot

* A few hours before the ship struck, Sir Cloudesly Shovel hove out the signal to lie to, in order to ascertain the situation of the fleet.

Now rising from the broad, blue waters, dear
To him as heaven.

With fatal speed they flew
Through the wide-parting foam. Again the deck
Sloped to the billow, and the groaning mast
Bent to the rising gale; yet on that night
The voice of the loud ocean rose to them
In music, for the winds that hurried by
So fierce and swift, but heralded the way
To the lov'd island strand. The jaws of death
Were round them, and they knew it not until
(How oft the hapless seaman's knell) burst wild
The everlasting cry of waves and rocks
From stern Cornubia's isles. Alas to them—
The lost, there blaz'd no friendly Pharos fire—
No star gleam'd from the heaven—the sailor heard
The roar of the huge cliff, and on his brow
Fell the cold dew of horror. On they came—
These gallant barks, fate-driv'n—on they came
Borne on the wings of the wild wind to rush
In darkness on the black and bellowing reef

Where human help avails not. There they struck
And sank ; the hopes, the fears, the wishes all
Of myriads o'er at once. Each fated ship
One moment sat in all her pride, and pomp,
And beauty, on the main ;—the next she plung'd
Into the "hell" of waves, and from her deck
Thrill'd the loud death-scream—stifled as it rose
By the dark sea ;—one shriek—one blow—the grave.

And all was silent—save the startling voice
Of the Atlantic, rising from that shore
In anger ever ! Terribly its surge
Clos'd o'er them ; and they perish'd in that gulf
Where the dead lie innumerable, and the depths
Are rife with monstrous shapes, and rest is none
Amid the infuriate war of waters hurl'd
In endless, horrible commotion. Heard
Alone, amid the pausings of the gale
Was one faint human wail. Where thousands sank
One rode the vengeful wave preserv'd to be,
As seem'd, the sport of the mad billows : now
Upflung upon the mountain ridges—now

Swift sinking to abysses vast that yawn'd
Almost to ocean's bed. Yet life fled not,
Nor hope, though in the tempest's giant coil
He gasp'd for breath, and often writh'd beneath
The suffocating waters !

Morning came

In vain, though on the island rock the sea
Had flung the hapless mariner. Around
Howl'd the remorseless surge ; above, the cloud
Swept, terror-wing'd ;—the lightning o'er the day
Shed an unnatural glare, and near him broke
The thunder with its peal of doom. No aid
Came through the long, long day, yet on the cliffs
Floated the cheering signal ;—from the strand
Came voices animating—men were there
Impatient as the bounding greyhound held
Within the straining leash—a gallant band,
Nurs'd in the western storm, familiar long
With danger and with—death, but might not brave
The monster now. And thus the victim hung
Upon eternity's dread verge, and gaz'd

Appall'd upon its gulph ; then backward shrunk
Convulsively to life, and hope renew'd
Unfroze his blood, and o'er his features threw
A light that could not last. For evening came,
And the great sun descended to the main,
While oft the beautiful, beloved orb
The seaman watch'd, and sigh'd to see it sink
Beneath the wave ; but as the twilight grew
Deeper and deeper, and the darkness clos'd
Upon him, and the hungry howling surge
Was heard below, loud clamouring for its prey,
He wept—the lone man wept !

Again it came,
The unchang'd, unchanging morning, rising wild
Upon a joyless world ; yet did his eye
Glisten to see the dawn, though it awoke
In tempest ; and that day flew by, and night
Once more fell on him, and another morn
Broke and the sufferer liv'd ! The hand of death
Was on him, yet delay'd the fatal grasp ;
And round the agonizing victim look'd,

But succour came not! On the rugged rock
 Crash'd the torn wreck in thunder, and the sea
 Disgorg'd the dead—within the black recoil
 Of waters dash'd the dead; and on the brave,
 The lov'd he gaz'd, and at his side Despair
 Now sat, and pointed to the abyss!—

• • • • • • • • •
 • • • • • • • • •

A shout

Comes from the cliffs—a shout of joy! Awake,
 Thou lonely one from death's fast coming sleep!
 Arise, the strand is thronging with brave men—
 A thousand eyes are on thee, and a bark
 Bursts o'er the breaching foam! The shifting cloud
 Flies westward, and away the storm, repell'd,
 Reluctant sails; the winds have backward flung
 The billows of the Atlantic! See,—they come,—
 They come—a dauntless island band—and now
 A cheer is heard—and hark the dash of oars
 Among the reefs! His eye with instant hope
 Brightens, and all the ebbing tides of life

Rush with returning vigour! Now the spray
Flies o'er the advancing pinnacle, for the wave
Though half subdued, is mighty; yet her prow
Victorious parts the surges,—nearer roll
The cheers of that bold crew—the welcome sounds
Thrill on his ear—the deepening plunge of oars
Foams round the desert rock—'tis won, 'tis won!
And—he is sav'd!

THE DESTRUCTION OF TAVISTOCK ABBEY.

Ethelred, by a policy incident to weak princes, embraced the cruel resolution of putting all the Danes to the sword. This plot was carried on with such secrecy that it was executed in one day, and all the Danes in England were destroyed without mercy. * *

* * * * * * * * *

But while the English were yet congratulating each other upon their late deliverance; Sweyn, king of Denmark, appeared off the western coasts, meditating slaughter, and furious with revenge.

History of England.

MUSIC, and banqueting, and songs that breathe
Of blood, and garlands, and victorious wreaths,
And flowers that nod o'er flush'd, exulting brows,
And dances all-voluptuous ! When will break,
Ere yet too late, upon the startled ear
The voice of Reason, and the frenzied isle
Start from her dream of pleasure ! Kiss not thus
The maddening cup, nor through the dizzy day
Let merry England bid her festive bells

Their peals of loud congratulation fling
 Upon the wanton winds. Those very gales
 Which bear the tones of triumph and of joy
 From tower to tower throughout the mirthful land—
 Those blessed airs of Summer which caress
 The flaunting holiday streamer—even now
 Are dallying with the dark, dread Raven flag
 And wafting on the thousand sails that float
 Above the fierce invader !

Lo, they come
 Mad with revenge—the warriors of the North,
 Chiding those silken gales that all too soft
 Play with the western seas ! Ah, if they flew
 Swift on the hurricano's lightning wing,
 'Twould be too slow for the vindictive thought
 They dart to England's shores :—e'en tempest-borne
 Their barks would seem to languish on their course
 And slumber on the surge. They come—they come—
 Darkening the ocean as they press around
 The terrible Bolerium !

Be thy heart
 As firm, as cruel, **ETHELRED** ! 'The soul
 Of the She-wolf* that bore thee should inspire
 To deeds of fearful daring ! Let the arm
 That in the writhing victim plung'd the knife,
 Be iron-nerved :—there is no safety now
 In cowardice—the murderer should be brave !
 Thou hast not look'd on blood with smiling eye
 To shrink when blood's avenger to the field
 Summons thee, timid one ! Thy cheek is pale—
 Thine arm is powerless—thy soul is faint,—
 But thus it is,—the cruel seldom wield
 A brave man's sword ; and he who smites the weak,
 Strikes in the dark, and tramples on the foe
 Defenceless, ever felt the withering touch
 Of palsying Fear, and falter'd in the hour
 Of daylight and of danger ! * * *
 * * * * * * * *

Fling on high

* *Elfrida.*

Thy banner, proud Danmonium—fling on high
 In thy own genial breeze the flag that erst
 Was ever foremost in the fiery van
 Of battle-fields. Thy sons of old were brave
 And, inch by inch, fought freedom's quarrel out
 With the fierce Saxon, when all England cower'd
 Save thee, beneath his sword. Awake, arise,
 The Raefan's beak is wet with blood of thine,—
 The infant's scream, and woman's piercing shriek
 Ascend to heaven,—thy thousand lovely streams,
 Land of the river and the rill, are ting'd
 With the heart's purple current! Vain the call,
 The ruthless banner of the invader waves
 Triumphant o'er thy ever-verdant fields,
 And myrtle bowers. Nor honour's sacred voice,
 Nor scorn of slavery, nor love of Home,
 Revenge for slaughter'd brothers, sons, the shriek
 Of violated woman, nor that cry
 Which should to frenzy rouse a coward's soul—
 The cry of tortur'd infancy,* recalls
 From flight the fear-struck Briton!

* "Nothing can be more dreadful than the manner in which these

Heaven is mute !

And yet the step of the destroyer falls
Around its holy altars ! Hark, the shout,
The curse of the barbarian rises near
Thine abbey, Tavistock ; and where the lay
Of praise swell'd sweetly, and the "still, small voice"
Of prayer ascended to the Highest, loud
Is heard the bold blasphemer ! Heaven is mute !

The Pagan triumphs ! See from base to roof
Dart the quick fires ;—along the sainted walls
Roll the vast flame-sheets bellowing through the wide
And trophied aisles,—or, streaming far away
Into the red and glowing air, loud burst
The windows, rainbow-hued, through which the sun
Once lov'd to pour his tenderest floods of light,
Tinging the marble floor with dyes that vied
With his own clouds—at eve ! The altars fall—

fierce barbarians carried on their incursions ;—they spared neither age nor sex, and each commander urged the soldiers to inhumanity. One of their celebrated chieftains, named Oliver, gained, from his dislike to the favourite amusement of his soldiers (that, of tossing children on the point of their spears) the contemptuous surname of *Barnakal*, or 'The preserver of children.'"

The beautiful altars whence a thousand gems
 Sent up their odoriferous breath. The shrines,
 The statues, sculpture's proudest boast, in wild
 And hideous confusion crash around !
 E'en the bless'd virgin mother, imag'd fair,
 Despoil'd of her sweet ornament,—despoil'd
 Of her gold blazon'd robe, and jewell'd crown,
 The hope, the joy, the wonder of the age,
 Sinks on the blacken'd earth. No hand can save,
 Dread is the roar of desolation—wide
 The ruin—high the spiral fires ascend
 As 'twere exultant : now uprushing swift
 To the hot skies, now billowy, bending o'er
 The sinking temple, 'till in one vast crash,
 As totter the huge columns, to the ground
 One black, dense, smouldering mass, thy abbey sinks —
 Thy glorious abbey Ordulph !*

*. Son of Urgan Duke of Devon. He founded this abbey in 961.
 "The magnificent building, however," writes Prince, "had scarce
 stood 50 years, ere the cruel Danes arrived in the mouth of Tamar,
 and coming hither, (all things sacred and profane being to them alike)
 soon consumed this monastery to the ground. Yet at length it again
 revived, and flourished in greater beauty and lustre than before.

WILVERLEY.

The king much doubting he had been abused resolved to try the truth himself. In order to which he comes to Exeter, and thence sends word to the duke (Orgar of Devon) where the fair Elphreda and her husband were, that he designed to be speedily with him, and hunt in his parks, or rather in the forest of Dartmoor, there near adjoining. * * * * *

Struck with astonishment and admiration at first sight of the lady, the king was fully resolved to be quits with his perfidious favourite : yet dissembling his passion for the present, until the morning came, they went out a hunting, where, carefully watching, he at length found an opportunity, and, taking Ethelwold at an advantage, slew him ; and at a place in Dartmoor Forest, called Wilverley, since Wartwood the Earl was found slain.

Prince's Worthies of Devon.

HERE traveller rest thee, for the sun is high,
And thou art old and weary. It is sweet
To find, at noon, a moorland bank like this,
To press its luxury of moss, and bid
The hours fleet by on burning wing. Awhile
Repose thou in the shade, this stunted tree

Grasp'd by the choaking ivy,—of his race
The last, has foliage yet enough to screen
Thine ardent brow ; and, just below, a brook
Fresh from the ever-living spring, presents
Its purest chrystal to thy lip.

We have

No music of the groves, but now and then
The highland lark is heard amid the calm
Of the great desert, flinging wild a note
Upon the ear of morning, livelier far
(’Tis said) and fresher than the voices sweet
Of birds that float in southern skies. But look,
Stranger, where westward sweep the mighty hills
Treeless, and almost verdureless, and lone
Each with a crown of granite on his head:—
Yet time has been when in the ocean gales
Fair wreaths of leafage wav’d around those scalps
So dark and naked now ! The mountain grove
Has fallen—the mountain poetry has flown—
The wood-bird sings not on the hill ; his home
Is in the bloomy and luxurious vale

Far off: and but for that dear minstrel, now
Seen, as a dark spot, on yon golden cloud,
And but for these enduring moorland streams,
(A blessing on their silvery voices!) wide
And chilling were the silence! Hear'st thou not
The roll of rivers—distant,—the deep peal
Of the great cataract,—and those clear tones
Of the rejoicing rills that—nearer—flow,
Vocal for ever!

Bough and bush are gone—
The red-deer had no leaf to shade his head,
And he is vanish'd too. Yet even here,
Traveller, aye here, the misty morn has seen
The noble stag, arous'd from woodland haunts,
Burst through the deep, dark forest, sweeping swift
As his own highland tempest; while the shouts
Of nobles and of kings pursued him far
O'er the resounding moorland.

There was one,
Stranger, who lov'd the sylvan war, and came

Attended by a gallant train, as well
 Befitted England's monarch, to awake
 The upland echoes, and to launch his shaft
 Upon the flying chase. But not the moor
 Alone allur'd him;—hitherward he came
 By passion led, by jealousy, revenge
 Conceal'd, to seek a lady's bower, and prove
 A minion's faith;—his, traveller, who had stol'n
 From his fond hopes, with well dissembled tale,
 The beauty of the Tamar. * * *
 * * * * * * * *

Beautiful

The sun rose over Harewood,—beautiful
 The Tamar sparkled in the glorious morn,
 Swift journeying round his hundred verdant capes.
 Far, far away the matchless prospect swept
 Unrivall'd e'en in England;—sweetly rose
 Songs of the grove, and hymnings of the sky,
 The monarch saw not, heard not. On his eye
 One image only floated—in his soul
 One dread, dark purpose reign'd; and though a smile

Sat on his cheek, and words were on his lip
Of gracious import, fearfully he nurs'd
Thoughts of revenge, of blood ! O, stranger, loud
In words, and quick in purpose, is the man
Hot temper'd, ever ; but beware thou less
The slave of anger, fierce in high reproach,
And prompt in action, than the wretch who wears
A placid, smiling, unsuspected brow
Above a heart that meditates revenge,
And revels in the future ruin ! Now
From Harewood swift the royal train rode on
And sought the forest depths. The clamorous horn
Loud rang on Dartmoor, and the red-deer fled
Fear-struck before them, while the grim, gaunt wolf
Heard the high tumult, and aghast, sunk deep
In his rock-vaulted cave. But Edgar sought
A nobler victim than the trembling stag
Or wolf ferocious ; and as faintly fell
The foremost hunter's music on his ear,
True to his one, dark purpose, stern he turn'd
On startled Athelwold ; and at the foot

Of this most aged tree he rashly launch'd
The javelin to the favorite's heart!

The Oak

That cloth'd the hill's wild brow has pass'd away;
Grove after grove has fall'n; the wood-bird sings
In other fields; the moor is chang'd in hue
And aspect; sullenly it rests beneath
The sway of Winter—sullenly beneath
The Spring-beam; time has thinn'd its peasant tribes;
Yet still the mountaineer, from age to age,
Points out the very spot where flow'd the blood
Of Athelwold, and in our desert fields
The legend is undying.

THE VALE.

NARROW the entrance. Two mis-shapen rocks
Rush'd up on either hand, and overhung
Awhile the darken'd path, but all within
Lay in the golden sunshine. Soon was heard
The low, sweet music of a thousand rills
Crossing the sward luxuriant, and the rush
Of mightier streams was heard that, far off, leap'd
Into the echoing valley. Wider spread
The glen, and darker, higher, rose the cliffs,
And greener grew the beautiful, moist grass,
And brighter bloom'd the flowers—such flowers as
love
A mountain home; and from the clefts the broom
Look'd out and in the sunshine smil'd the heath—

The bonny heath ; and in that valley's breeze
Wav'd from the precipice the light-leav'd ash,
And here and there the aged, stunted oak
Lean'd o'er the crumbling brink. At once the war
Of rock and river burst upon the eye
And ear astonish'd. High above, the streams,
Fed from exhaustless founts, rush'd headlong on
Where, all uninjur'd, lay the mountain rocks
Magnificently strew'd ; and broke the power
That broke in thunder through them ; and upflung
Their sun-touch'd foam wreaths to the pleasant gale
That play'd around inconstant.

Broader now

The broken stream roll'd onward, yet depriv'd
Of half its fierceness. By the opposing rocks
It swept, in beautiful motion, and the eye
Look'd on the bright confusion—look'd and beam'd
With pleasure, and a gentle calm diffus'd
Its influence o'er the spirit, as the tones
Most musical, through all the languid noon,
Rose of the broad, blue waters.

Pleasantly

Were interspers'd green islets,—lov'd retreats
Of birds that love the streams. The river flow'd
Darkly beneath the leafage—dark and calm
A moment—and again with voice, far heard,
Rush'd o'er its pure and glittering bed. The bank
Now rose precipitous, and from the brink
Broken into a thousand bays,—the trees
In strange association with the cliffs
Again upclimb'd the slopes. Rock, bush, and flower,
Were there in sweetest union. Hardy—old—
Stunted yet vigorous, the Oak outflung
His arms above the crag; his scalp was bare
And lifeless as that crag he shadow'd;—struck
By time or lightning—yet a living thing,
Still joying in the sunshine.

Midway yawn'd

A cavern, and bright bursting from its jaws
Into the day, a highland torrent flash'd
Upon the eye. Adown the wooded slopes
Leaping from steep to steep it came, and flung

Its music on the air of that wild place,—
Wild, yet most beautiful. A silver shower
Eternal drizzled there, and near it grew
The moisture-loving moss, array'd in green
That rivall'd the clear emerald; and plants
Of freshest leaf, and flowers that fill their cups
With mountain dews, but wither in the beam
Of southern skies. One solitary bird*
To the deep voices of that waterfall
Responsive sung—a strange but lovely strain,
Like the soft gurgling which the streamlets make
Sweet playing with the pebbles. Never sound
Within that holy sanctuary rise
Ruder than that bird's heart-refreshing strains,—
Or voice of winds,—or the undying flow
Of the complaining waters!

* The Water Ouzel, (*Turdus cinctus*.)

A MOORLAND STORM.

THE Ocean breeze is up that will not rest
Till it hath flung o'er hill and dale the cloud
From which the lightning leaps. Fair broke the
morn,
But as the gale pass'd by, I heard its voice
And shudder'd—for too well I know its tones
Of rising anger; hollowly it blew
And shrill, with fitful gust, and o'er the stream
It glided with a melancholy strain
Which came—at once—and as abruptly ceas'd,
Leaving a death-like stillness in the glen—
A moment. Then it dash'd upon the face
Of the affrighted river, and the waves
Roll'd to the startled shore, and all the woods
Shook in the sudden impulse.

Dark and dense
Sail now the enormous vapours through the sky
And some are sweeping the near hills. The Tor
That stands so boldly on the stormy van
Shrouds his magnificent head in folds of deep
And sulphurous gloom ; and still the Atlantic sends
His hosts innumerable,—cloud on cloud
In terrible procession, flying wild
On the dark winds ; and some are wreathing swift
The ancient mountains—piling mass on mass
Their magazines of wrath, that wait the touch
Of fate to burst in horror. Distant heard,
Mutters the thunder, and the moorland blast
Answers with mournful voice, and shakes the wood
Of the wild vale, while quick the river's face
Roughens to foam.

The deer is in his lair,
The hawk in his tall cliff ;—that herald flash
Burn'd o'er the desert, and methought I heard
As of the fall of towers—a heavy sound—
The lightning in his dread career hath struck

The Tor of ages ! Hark the deaf'ning crash
Of the dread thunder, shaking e'en the rock
On which we stand, while every mountain cave
Re-bellows through its dark abysses—pierc'd
By man's voice never ! More intensely burn
The fires of Heav'n around the blacken'd piles
Of the enduring granite ; and the peal
Profound—near—horrible—with roar prolong'd—
Makes the old pyramids that crown the hill
Of the gray wilderness tremble !

LINES WRITTEN NEAR SHAUGH
BRIDGE,

ON THE BORDER OF DARTMOOR, DEVON.

——— The Cad o'er crags white-flashing roars,
To meet the Plym.

Howard's Bickleigh Vale.

RUDE mass,* that frownest o'er the downward
flood,
How many ages have suffic'd to shake
Thy hoar and fractur'd crest? Triumphant Time
With granite trophies has bestrew'd the stream
That murmurs far below. I wildly gaze
Upon thee, ancient chronicler, and think
How many generations of weak men
Have risen, and have vanish'd from the earth,

* Dewerstone.

✱

Whilst thou, enduring through the flight of years,
A solitary mark for winds and storms,
And all the injuries of heaven, hast stood
The Monarch of the Moor !

A holy peace

Pervades this moorland solitude—the world,
And all who love that world, are far away !
Nothing is heard but the sweet melody
Which the Cad makes, contending with the rocks
That check his rapid flight ! The sun is high,
And a soft breeze is playing with those leaves
Which clothe the base of Dewerstone ;—yon wood,
Clad in the lightest foliage of the spring,
Just feels its impulse. Soon the closing year,
Alas, shall weep its robe of green away,
And verdant scenes and sunny hours no more
Delight the wayward traveller. This stream—
This tinkling stream, that speeds its journey on,
Through flowers and music to the sea, shall roll
High swoln and clamorous, in thunder down
Upon the frightened vales.

Yet when sweet Spring,
Thy influence again shall make the bud
"Leap into leaf," and gentlest airs shall soothe
The storm-swept bosom of the moor, my feet
Shall tread the banks of Cad. Let others roam
Through softer scenes—through rank luxuriant
vales—

Repose in luscious bowers, or waste the day
Where Art has spread its most voluptuous charms;
I seek thee, Nature, in thy wildest forms,
Thy mountain cataracts and frowning heights,
Where, as the unbroken prospect spreads around,
Life-giving breezes, health and spirits bless
The highland wanderer.

TO FRIENDS IN KENT.

FAR, far away, where Medway strays,
Thy hop-cloth'd valleys, Kent, among,
Where, night-wrapt, Philomel essays
A charming, an unrivall'd song,
I pensive turn, while memory oft
Recalls the scenes of days that were,
And many a recollection soft
Beguiles from Friendship's eye the tear.

O ! when the lark with blithesome lay
Sprang lightly from the dew-bath'd lawn,
How sweet it was with you to stray
And hail the all-reviving dawn :

In fancy yet I hear the flow
Of melody in Aylesford's vale,
Or breathe on Boxley's airy brow
'The freshness of the morning gale.

And oft, when Evening's gentle close
Diffus'd a holy calm around,
When scarce a breath disturb'd the rose,
Nor broke upon the ear a sound :
Tranquil each mind—all cares forgot,
We wander'd wide o'er hill and dell,
Or ponder'd, pensive, round the spot
Where CATIGERN and HENGIST fell. *

The melodies of night were ours,
As swift decreas'd the homeward mile,
While conversation woke her powers
Care, thought, and distance to beguile.

* Between Maidstone and Chatham, and near the high road, stands a rude, yet most interesting memorial, erected by the Britons to the memory of Catigern, a British Prince, who on that spot perished, together with his adversary Hengist, the Saxon, in single combat.

Thee, Solitude, I love—but still,
Spite of unsocial hermit scorn,
Believe—life's duties to fulfil,
That man for fellow man was born.

Farewell ! for Fate's supreme command
Has bid me quit your charming vales,
And call'd me to my native strand,
Where sweep the wild Atlantic gales :
But by those hopes, yet, yet to meet,
We cherish'd at our last adieu,
May my heart then forget to beat,
When Friendship I forget—and you !

WRITTEN ON THE COAST OF DEVON.

THE winds of June are sleeping—the light cloud
Is motionless in heaven—the earth is still
And silent as at midnight :—e'en the sea
To the blue offing his unruffled flood
Spreads, beautifully smooth. And yet, upheaved*
From depths that know not summer calms, a surge
Breaks round this crescent bay, and all its arch
Magnificent, is foam-fring'd. Earth may droop
In the dull, drowsy noon—her million songs
Be deeply hush'd—the gales forget to breathe

* The Ground Swell.—The surface of the ocean is often indeed beautifully smooth; but the voyager, if becalmed, will perceive the effect of the swell in the rolling of his bark. The waters heave, as it were, in masses, but break not into waves, and are without foam, except when they come into contact with the coast.

Upon her grassy seas, and all her woods
Be strangely still; but Ocean never rests,
And if, soft kissed by summer winds, he wears
A smiling mien—the smoothness of his brow
Conceals an unquiet bosom. Far away,
E'en to the dim-seen headlands of the West,
I mark him rushing on the surf-swept strand;
And here, e'er since his billows lash'd the shores
Of the resounding globe, his huge, dark wave
Has met the rock in anger, and his voice
Has spoken—audibly—as now.

Ye fields,
In austral beauty clad,—ye savage cliffs
That fringe them, — ye wild headlands that have
spurn'd
The shatter'd surges of six thousand years,—
Ye reefs, and fretted caverns,—and ye dark
And lonely isles—not always speaks the voice
Of Ocean thus, in music. There are strains
Of deeper meaning—fearful tones that rise
Around you oft—too startling for the ear

Of weak humanity. O ! when the winds
To battle with the great Atlantic rush,
Far, far from you the shuddering seaman steers
His fear-wing'd bark ; for, where the mighty rocks
Fling off the mountain wave, dread sounds are heard,
Amid the giant strife, that almost chill
The heart-blood of the bravest.

TO A PRIMROSE,

PRESENTED TO ME BY A FRIEND, JANUARY,

1829.

SWEET herald of the ever-gentle Spring,
How gently wav'd o'er thee the winter's wing;
Around thee blew the warm Favonian gale,
Devonia nurs'd thee in her loveliest vale,
Beneath she roll'd the Plym's pellucid stream,
And Heaven diffus'd around its quickening beam!
But, ah! the sun, the shower, the zephyr bland,
Made thee but fair to tempt the spoiler's hand!
I cannot bear thee to thy bank again,
And bathe thy breast in soft refreshing rain;
Nor bid the gentle zephyr round thee play,
Nor raptur'd eye thee basking in the ray;

But snapp'd, untimely, from thy velvet stem,
Be thou my daily care, my "bonnie gem ;"
And when thus sever'd from thy native glade,
The radiance of thy cinque-ray'd star shall fade,
And pale decay come creeping o'er thy bloom,
A sigh, dear flower, shall mourn thy early doom.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Go, wing thy way to climes unknown—to skies,
Haply, without a cloud. I love the birds
That share the fickle English year with me—
Linnet, and thrush, and lark, and all that dwell,
Though songless, in our northern groves. But chief
I hail the robin. He, from leafless woods
Comes forth to bless the wintry hour—"a friend
Born for adversity," who pours the lay,
When all are mute beside, of peace and hope.
But thou art like a summer friend that smiles
When skies are fair, and softly sigh the gales
Of fragrance, breathing from a thousand bowers;
Yet frowns and leaves us when the churlish blast
Of life blows rude. And still, without thee, Spring

Would lose one charm, for thou hast ever been
Her blithe attendant.—On my summer path
I joy to meet thee ; and when evening comes,
Shedding her sober calm, 'tis sweet to mark
Thy wantonings above the brook that flows
In silver through the emerald meads. Then plume
Thy swift, dark wing for flight ; and I will wish
For thee propitious heavens and breezes kind,
And shores, at last, of beauty ; and till Spring
Returning, shall with voice mysterious call
Thee to our British fields again,—Farewell !

THE GROUND SWELL.

WRITTEN ON THE BREAKWATER, PLYMOUTH SOUND

THE sun is high, the Atlantic is unfann'd
E'en by the breathings of the gentle West,
And yet the broad blue flood is not at rest.
Amid the holy calm on sea and land
There is a murmuring on the distant strand,
And silently though Ocean heaves its breast,
The shoreward swellings wear a feathery crest,
And meet the opposing rocks in conflict grand.

These ships that dare the eternal winds and seas
In the commotion roll without a breeze,
And as their sides the huge upswellings lave,
His flagging sails the listless seaman sees,
And wishes rather for the winds to rave,
And, like an arrow, dart him o'er the wave.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF WINTER.

I LOVE the summer calm,—I love
Smooth seas below, blue skies above,
The placid lake, the unruffled stream,
The woods that rest beneath the beam ;
I love the deep, deep pause that reigns,
At highest noon, o'er hills and plains,
And own that Summer's gentle rule
Is soothing, soft, and beautiful.

But Winter, in its angriest form,
Has charms,— “there's grandeur in the storm ;”
When the winds battle with the floods
And bow the mightiest of the woods,—
When the loud thunder, crash on crash,
Follows the lightning's herald flash,
And rocks and spires and towers are rent,
'Tis startling,—but magnificent.

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.

A SWORD—

The sword of Damocles hangs o'er the head
For ever of the flower-wreath'd boy that gives
His hours to pomp and pleasure. Nor alone
The air-hung weapon threatens in its fall
The cheek of wantonness and pamper'd pride,
There is a blow that comes—we know not why
Mysterious—sudden—on the wondering good—
The just who in his singleness of soul
And love of virtue, fill'd his noiseless hour
With unreprieved calm and temperate bliss,
And fear'd not—conscience-proof! Restrain thy love
Of earth, and earthly joys, and still walk through
This mortal vale as one prepar'd to meet

Submissively the worst. As with a rein
Hold in thy warm affections ;—let them not
Too closely twine around thy yielding soul,
Lest thine heart break when suddenly are torn
Sweet human ties away. But most suspect
Joy at the overflow, for woe is near
Full oft when on the soft, luxurious cup
Trembles the tempting drop.



TO THE ROBIN.

SWEET bard of Autumn, silent is the song
Of earth and sky, that in the Summer hour
Rang joyously, and thou alone art left
Sole minstrel of the dull and sinking year.
But trust me, warbler, lovelier lay than this,
Which now thou pourest to the chilling eve,
The joy inspiring Summer never knew.
The very children love to hear thy tale,
And talk of thee in many a legend wild,
And bless thee for those touching notes of thine !
Sweet household bird ! that infancy and age
Delight to cherish, thou dost well repay
The frequent crumbs that generous hands bestow :
Beguiling man with minstrelsy divine,
And cheering his dark hours, and teaching him
Through cold and gloom, Autumn and Winter,—
HOPE.

ALGIERS.

“English ships may be burned, English men may be killed, but
English courage is invincible.”

DE WITT.

As eagles in their strong-wing'd flight,
As lions rising in their might,
They rush'd resistless to the fight,
To battle and to victory.

Then hiss'd the vengeful war-bolt, driven
Impetuous through the volleying heaven;
And rampart, fort, and tower were riven,
Around the shrinking enemy.

Dark Chief—thy bravest held his breath,
When Britons dealt the work of death,
Fighting in Freedom's cause,—beneath
A sulphurous burning canopy.

And, Mussulman, 'twas thine in vain
To brave the war-storm's fiery rain
That, fate-spel'd, rattled o'er thy slain,
In fearful, maddening revelry.

It shower'd beneath the solar beam ;
It sparkled in the lunar gleam ;—
And through the night that fatal stream
Flash'd wide o'er heaven's concavity.

Then floating down the blood-red sky,
The Cross victorious glared on high ;
And the pale Crescent flutter'd nigh,
No more in hated rivalry.

England shall lift the goblet high
To those who live ;—their memory
Who died ("as all might wish to die")
She gives to immortality.

ISABEL IN HER GARDEN.

It is a morn of Spring, and she has left
Her couch at dawn, and now amid the flowers
Delighted wanders. Thus should ever wake
Young Beauty, and adorn her laughing cheek
With vermeil hues; for health is in the breeze,
And life. The azure eye of Isabel
Sparkles with new-born fires; her lip has caught
The ruby's deepest tint; and as her form—
Her sylph-like form, is seen sweet gliding there
Amid the bud, the bloom of that fair world
Which May has quicken'd round her, earth holds not
A lovelier vision..

She has stoop'd to kiss
The rose, and o'er the queen-flower now she bends

In ecstasy ; and see her ivory hand
Wanders between its buds, but with a touch
Gentle as that of the bland spring breeze. Then
Her eye roams o'er that paradise of hues,
That world of loveliest forms assembled there ;
And with a sweet uncertainty she strays
Among them, charm'd with all, and listening oft
To the musicians of the woods—the birds—
Pouring their first, best lays, the while the breeze
Is playing with her radiant locks.

ENGLAND.

IN that name,
There is a charm which thrills through all her sons,
Where'er they wander. 'Mid the battle's rage,
For England—aye for England ! is the thought
That runs from rank to rank, from gun to gun,
And fires the soul, and nerves each arm to strike
With force resistless. "What will England think ?"
Has been the spirit-stirring question oft
In many a bloody conflict, when the scale
Of victory hung in dread suspense ; and long,
My country, may thy all-unrivall'd sons,
As now, enkindle at thy honour'd name,
And England be the talismanic word
That shall from age to age its influence shed,
The safeguard, bulwark, glory of the land !

ON SEEING A FINE FRIGATE
AT ANCHOR

IN A BAY OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

"She walk'd the waters like a thing of life
And seem'd to dare the elements to strife."

Is she not beautiful? "reposing there
"On her own shadow,"* with her white wings
furl'd;
Moveless, as in the sleepy sunny air,
Rests the meek swan in her own quiet world.

* An expression of Mr. Canning's, after his return from an excursion in Hamoaze.

Is she not beautiful ! her graceful bow
Triumphant rising o'er the enamour'd tides
That, glittering in the noon-day sunbeam, now
Just leap and die along her polished sides.

And on the stern magnificent, recline
Old forms that many a classic eye regale ;
From fair and fabled lands, and streams divine,
The sculptor's hand pourtrays a classic tale.

There is nor voice nor murmur on the land ;
Still fiercer glows the ray on tower and tree ;
There is nor surge nor ripple on the strand,
And not an air is stealing o'er the sea.

A thousand eyes are on her ; for she floats
Confess'd a queen upon the subject main ;
And hark ! as from her decks delicious notes
Breathe, softly breathe, a soul-entrancing strain.

Music upon the waters ! far more sweet
On the thrill'd ear the liquid accents fall,
Than in our inland fields the senses greet,
Or wake from lip and lute, in bower and hall.

Music upon the waters ! pouring soft,
From shore to shore along the charmed wave ;
The seaman's dreariest toils beguiling oft,
And kindling high the ardour of the brave.

Yet, wafted by the morning's favouring breeze,
Far from that slumbering flood and leaf-hung bay,
That matchless bark upon the faithless seas
Shall wend her wild and solitary way.

There, haply tempest-borne, far other sounds
Than those shall tremble thro' her quivering form ;
And as from surge to mightier surge she bounds,
Shall swell, toned infinite, the midnight storm !

In vain ! she spurns the ignoble calm, and loves
To front the tempest in its gathering hour
Wak'd as to life, the fleet-wing'd wonder roves
Where loudest lift the winds a voice of power.

Then go, deceitful beauty ! Bathe thy breast
For ever where the mountain billows foam,
Even as thou wilt.—This hour of peace and rest
Is not for thee;—**THE OCEAN IS THY HOME !**

ON READING THE REV. R. POLWHELE'S
BEAUTIFUL POEM ON THE
INFLUENCE OF LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

BLESS'D is the ideal charm attach'd to place
That thus throws round it an illusive grace,
The Local Love that with resistless force
Wings the plum'd bird and nerves the noble horse :
O'er sky-wrapt crags the eagle's pinions wave,
The monarch lion loves his forest cave ;
Each has a sympathy for den or nest,
Some dear retreat—the scene of play or rest ;
And humbler names with anxious care provide
One spot—preferr'd to all the world beside.

Man more intensely feels the Local Flame,
Fir'd by the charm of Home's electric name ;

He gives his bark to all the waves that roll,
 Burns on the line, or shivers near the pole;
 Braves the loud battle, dares the midnight storm,
 And smiles at danger in its fiercest form;
 Yet even he who fronts or storm, or war,
 Thinks on one cherish'd scene which lies afar,
 And the bold spirit that defies the gale,
 Sighs for his leaf-wreath'd cot and tranquil vale.

But Memory gilds that spot with brightest ray,
 Where first his vision drank the light of day;
 In fancy still he views it, still the trees
 That bless'd his youth are waving in the breeze;
 The fields where erst he wander'd, free from care
 • As the gay volatile that skims the air,
 The hill, the dale, the stream that purls between
 Are still before him, fair and fresh and green;
 And a strange tear, that oft bedews his eye,
 Attests the power of local sympathy.

Such is the love of home that fires the brave,
 And ocean-parted, quits not e'en the slave—

The passion of all climes—and thine the lay,
 POLWHELE, that sings its all-resistless sway.
 And memory sketches faithful, vivid, strong,
 Her powers refreshed by thy master song;
 There is no charm in this our pilgrimage,
 More dear—aye, even to the heart of age,
 Than when that fond remembrancer displays
 The fair localities of early days:
 Delightful are her visions,—at her call
 They rise—of youth the hopes and pleasures all;
 The entrancing joys, the griefs, the groundless fears,
 That brighten'd, darken'd all our infant years;
 Her's still the task, wherever man may roam,
 To paint in tenderest hues his distant home,
 Waking fond sympathy; and thou hast sung,
 Sweet Bard, its influence with syren tongue.
 The Universal Flame—the Local Fire
 Was worthy of the magic of thy lyre,
 And long shall England hail the Poet's name,
 And bind around thy brows the unfading wreath of
 fame.

ON THE DEATH OF JULIA S—.

Safe from the thousand throes of pain,
Ere 'sin or sorrow breath'd a stain,
Upon thine opening rose.

ALARIC A. WATTS.*

FAREWELL ! Oh ! I have seen the magic beam
Of Julia's eye its lovely lightning play ;
But never more shall that all-powerful stream
Of liquid lustre dart its conqu'ring ray.

For o'er that eye has crept the mortal sleep,
And paleness o'er the cheek's transparent bloom ;
Ah, Lady, there are eyes will wake and weep,
While thou art slumb'ring in the dreamless tomb.

* Poetical Sketches, 4th edition.

Sweet maid, whom living, ev'n Envy's breath

Acknowledg'd fair as her that Zeuxis drew ;

Who can look on thee, beautiful in death,

And, Julia, without anguish, say—adieu ?

CHRISTMAS MORN.*

"Cæperat ille, futura ruens in tempora, vates
Virgo concipiet ! Virgo natum paritura."

THE midnight is as bright as day !
On earth flames wide a stranger ray !
And yet no meteor wanders nigh—
No moon floats through Judea's sky !
But there is on the face of night
A mellow, pure, and holy light ;
Each moment holier, purer, flowing,
But with a tender radiance glowing ;

* It has been mentioned to me, that this piece has a remarkable similarity to one on the same subject by Pulci ; I can only say that the above lines were written *and published* two years before that exquisite production appeared in the English dress given to it by Mr. Croly. With the Italian language I am totally unacquainted.

And on the shepherds' startled view
Are forms of glory breaking through
Those floods of splendour ;—throng on throng
Uplifting a triumphant song !
Ne'er flow'd such strains on earthly gale
O'er breezy hill, or listening vale,
Before ; nor shall such sounds again
Break on the raptur'd ear of man,
Till, rising to his native sky,
He put on immortality.

It came—that glorious embassy
To hail the INCARNATE MYSTERY !
For this awoke that glorious hymn
From glowing lips of Seraphim !
For this—adown the radiant sky,
From bowers of bliss—from worlds on high,
Appear'd, upborne on wings of fire,
That seraph host—that angel choir.

For this, too, flam'd o'er Bethlehem,
The brightest in night's diadem,

That mystic star whose pilot ray
Illum'd the magi's doubtful way ;
Bright wanderer through the fields of air
Which led the enquiring sages where,
Cradled within a worthless manger,
Slept on that morn the immortal stranger.

He might have come in regal pomp,
With pealing of Archangel trump,—
An angel blast as loud and dread
As that which shall awake the dead ;
His lightning might have scar'd the night,
Streaming insufferable light ;
His thunder, deep'ning, peal on peal,
Have made earth to her centre reel,
Deep voices, such as shook with fear,
At Sinai's base, the favour'd seer ;
The wing of whirlwind might have borne him ;
The trampling earthquake gone before him :—
He might have come—that Holy One,
With millions round his awful throne,

Countless as are the sands that lie
On burning plains of Araby,
And, arm'd for vengeance, who could stand
Before each conq'ring red right hand.

He came not thus; no earthquake shock
Shiver'd the everlasting rock ;
No trumpet blast, nor thunder peal,
Made earth through all her regions reel ;
And but for the mysterious voicing
Of that unearthly choir rejoicing ;
And but for that strange herald gem,
The star which burn'd o'er Bethlehem,
'The Shepherds, on his natal morn,
Had known not that the God was born.
There were no terrors, for the song
Of peace rose from the seraph throng ;
On wings of love he came,—to save,
To pluck pale terror from the grave,
And, on the blood-stain'd Calvary,
He won for Man the victory !

TO A FRIEND, WITH AN EARLY
PRIMROSE. .

ACCEPT this primrose, friend ; it is a pledge
Of the returning Spring. What, though the wind,—
The dread East wind, pass'd o'er the shivering earth,
And shook from his deep rustling wings the snows,
And bound the streamlets and the rivers all
In crystal fetters ! What, though infancy,
And age, and vigorous manhood, felt the blast
Before which many a human blossom fell !
Yet our fine Devon, in a sunny nook,
Cherish'd this flower ; and when the soft west wind
Came with its balmy breath and gentle showers,
With simple grace this first-born of the year
Wav'd its pale yellow star ; and, lo ! for thee

I pluck'd the welcome stranger. Chide me not,
(For my heart smote me while I gather'd it,)
I thought, to thee whom Winter's potent hand
Had struck, it would be pleasant as the port
To wearied mariner, to look upon
The herald gem, and hear that Spring had calm'd
The elemental strife; and that full soon
Blue skies, warm gales, soft showers, delicious songs,
And beautiful forms and hues enchanting, would,
At her kind bidding, bless the graceful world.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT
MOSCOW.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE DESTRUCTION
OF THAT CITY.

STRANGER ! who wanderest near the sad remains
Of pensive Moscow humbled to the dust,
Though rich and powerful once, repress the sigh
That soft compassion prompts, and let the burst
Of holy indignation light thine eye
And nerve thy vengeful arm ! To every land,
On eagles' wings the bloody tale has flown,—
How on this city, with his ruthless hosts,
The great destroyer came, and Moscow ceas'd
To live among the nations. Wrapp'd in fire,
Her domes, her altars, and her temples sank ;
Her "cry went up to Heaven."

Not unheard

That fear-struck cry ascended : soon the sword
Of Russia thinn'd the guilty flying foe,—
By day and night did vengeance stretch its hand
And glean the human harvest. From on high
Commission'd came the messenger of death,
Destruction's angel smote their stiffening hosts,—
The sword of Justice smote them. Hapless men ;
The breath of God had passed o'er the land,
His snows descended, and they slept their last,—
Russia's destroyers slept !

There is a God,

Stranger, that rules the ball !—that fallen band,
Russia's invaders,—they, the bloody scourge
Of the long-suffering nations—they did drink,
E'en to the dregs extreme, the bitter cup
Of his all-righteous vengeance ; and shall he,
Supreme in wickedness, their guilty chief,
Shall he untouch'd escape ? The piercing cry
Of blood hath peal'd around the Eternal Throne,
And shall it peal in vain ? Ah ! Stranger, no !

To accomplish the mysterious work of heaven
(Immortal till that awful work be done)
The great destroyer lives—yet hastens on—
Yet with a sure and ceaseless speed rolls on
His hour of retribution.

THE LAKE.

JUNE has charm'd

The winds to rest—the broad, blue waters sleep
Profound from bank to bank ; or if an air
Have leave, a moment, wantonly to bend
The graceful lily sitting on her throne
Of moist, lush leaves, the lovely shadow waves
In tremulous response below, and then
The Lake is strangely still again. The eye
Delights to look into those glossy depths
And glance, refresh'd, from flower to flower that
blooms

Anew, in shadowy glory, ere the breeze
Destroy its brief, bright life. The very trees,
Deliciously deceptive, fling abroad

Aye, leaf for leaf, their greenness. E'en the bee
That buzzes round the woodbine has his dark
But clear-seen image ; and anon floats near
The gem-wing'd butterfly. The bird which skims
The tides of air, seems, in the tranquil flood
Again to sport ; and every cloud that sails
Slowly through heaven, has motion, colour, shape,
In that fair, liquid world. Laburnum showers
Profuse her golden blossoms ; and the vine
Her full, frank clusters that but wait the breath
Of August, to put on the glorious tint
Of amethyst ; and, proud, the tulip shows
His gorgeous dyes—scarlet—and gold—and black—
The gayest flower the silver waters hold
But not so dear—ah no—not half so dear
To the fond eye as many that unfold
Their simpler beauties there. The queen-rose reigns
Supreme,—as ever ;—in that mirror still
As in the rich and breathing world above,
Fairest among the fair.

WRITTEN ON HEARING ONE OF THE

HEROES OF BANDA

DESCRIBE THE STORMING OF THAT PLACE.

Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.—VIRGIL.

DEEP thunders roll through heaven's vast plain,
A deluge pours the midnight rain,
Blue lightnings glare across the main,
Where foam-wrapt oft, our gallant train,
Dash through the billows manfully.

The wave we beat a fearless few ;
Danger but nerves each arm anew ;
The shore we near—those towers we view,—
Those towers where soon our eager crew
Shall plant their flag triumphantly.

Now by your country's well-earn'd fame,
By him whom nought but death could tame,
By NELSON's never-dying name,
Pursue, pursue the glorious game,
And snatch a deathless victory.

From hill to hill the *beacons fly,
The shrill-tongued bugle cleaves the sky ;
The men of England now are nigh,
Resolv'd in every clime to die,
Or bear away the victory.

We brave those foe-defying walls ;
Still foremost where deep danger calls :
We scale ! nor fear—nor death appals,
Long live his name, who nobly falls,
In England's grateful memory.

* Beacons were fired by the enemy, and bugles were heard sounding the alarm, in different directions, yet the gallant assailants persevered in the attack.

As *whirlwinds scour the sounding strand,
Our heroes sweep the coward band :
Where Britons lift the vengeful hand,
Bold is that foe who dares withstand,
In war's destructive rivalry.

Batavian ! mark, thy flag lies low !
And soon must Indian breezes blow
The flag that strikes a world with awe—
That shields the weak—to France gives law,
And floats o'er ocean gallantly.

And, now, on England's flag the sun
Gleams red, the daring work is done ;
England shall hear our deeds anon,
And many a cheer for Banda won,
Shall peal in loyal revelry.

* Though I quote from memory, I believe the words in the Gazette are " We swept the batteries like a whirlwind"

VISIONS OF MEMORY.

—Youthful hours rise up within the mind
Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has brought
To fill the eyes with long forgotten tears.

L. E. L.

WITHIN her bower, sun-proof—of jasmine twin'd
By the wild, wandering honeysuckle, sits
One who has stray'd from cloister gloom to taste
The breath of June—the young and fragrant June,
And soothe her gentle spirit with the view
Of Nature; in the month of flowers and love;—
Of Love!—alas—she came not there a slave
To passion;—youth's fond, feverish dreams were o'er
And were forgotten—no—the early blight
Of our young loves may never be forgot!

There will, uncall'd, float visions on the eye—
There will, full oft, be yearnings of the heart—
There will, again, be strange and burning tears—
The early wept, the lov'd, the lost, will rise
Upon the tortur'd memory ;—and though Time
Softening the past, may half subdue those throes
And stifle those fierce strugglings, and disperse
Or rob of half their vividness, the dreams
Of hours long flown ; yet Nature will awake,
Touch'd by some secret sympathy, again—
Soul-withering thoughts and forms that should have
slept
For ever.

Aye for ever !—why rest not
Deep in the heart's dark tomb those dreams that
haunt
Our shuddering memory, thus ? Within her bower
She bends—that lovely one—but from her eye
Flits an unnatural glance, and o'er the mind
Tempestuous moods are passing. What has stirr'd
That calm and placid spirit—and at once

So fearfully ? The simplest sight or sound
Allied to far-gone scenes, has thus the power
To raise up recollections that will gloom
Our sunniest hours.—The aspect of a tree—
A stream—the stillness of a summer lake
Soft mirroring the flowers upon its brink
As now ; —the beauty of an evening sky
All glory ting'd ; —the sameness of a voice
Which floats on that sweet evening air—the lay
Of bird well known and lov'd—such strains as bless'd
Perchance her youth in some dear spot, far off,—
Each—all—in strange communion aptly join'd
And sudden seen, have on that spirit thrown
An instant desolation, to be cheer'd
Not e'en by Hope

WRITTEN ON THE
LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR 1819.

Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.—VIRGIL.

OLD YEAR, farewell ! I enter unappall'd
Upon the New, though clouds and mystery
Do hang upon it. Much of anxious care
In this division of our checquer'd state,
Haply awaits me ; but kind Providence
Has mercifully thrown a veil across
The pregnant future, and to fear the worst
Is but to fight with shadows. On the past
I look with some regrets ; and who is he
So spotless, sinless, that he falters not
When memory unfolds her faithful map ; —
Too garrulous—too steady to her task

When she brings back the "few and evil" days
Of erring, sorrowing man !

The new year comes !

The last is gone into eternity !
Farewell, once more,—and yet I would not call
The fugitive again ;—let those look back
All languishing, upon their far-flown days,
Whose path was strewn with flowers—who press'd
the couch
Of ease so delicately, that they felt
Pain from the doubling rose-leaf, like the old
Luxurious Sybarite. I would not tread
The rugged journey of that year again ;
The new may be more kind,—but, come what may,
It is our duty still to kiss the rod,
And calmly meet the buffetings of Time,
If they must come ; for, in a tone sublime,
The voice of Providence still says to man—
Hope, though the heart-strings quiver,—live and
hope.

TO A FRIEND,
ON HIS APPROACHING VOYAGE TO PISA.

AND now for Italy—

Beautiful Italy. The loud sea-wave,
That in the deep and stormy winter rose
In all its mightiness against thy bark,
Sleeps; for the tyrant winds have heard the voice—
The soft, subduing voice of Spring. Gracefully
Green England wears her leaf; the choral lay
Thou lov'st so well is in her groves—the lark
Is in her checquer'd sky;—in vain to thee
Her foliage, flowers, and songs. With heedless step
The sailor, on his rough warm errand comes
To thee and thine—those little ones
That nestle round thy heart, and her* who pines,

* My friend's wife.

E'en in our genial Devon. Fare thee well.
May thine be fav'ring heavens ; and if the winds
Should kiss the wave too roughly, swift as flies
The shaft from the strain'd bow, O may thy bark
Bear thee to Friendship's arms !

THE SHATTERED TREE.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE REMAINS OF A LARGE
TREE, STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, MARCH, 1818.

THE breath of Spring has cloth'd anew the woods,
The breeze of freshness is upon them now,
And soon, beneath the beam of Summer, they
Shall rest,—how beautifully rest !—at noon.
But here is one whom not the breath of spring,
With all its inspirations, shall revive ;
One, 'mid the wild wood, whom the summer beam
Shall glance upon in vain. Thy hour is past,
Thou monarch of the grove, when, green and high,
Thy ample boughs diffus'd their friendly shade,
A shelter from the pelting of the storm ;
Or haply, if the mid sun threw his beams

A grateful bower of coolness, where fatigue
Might spend the listless hour; and there were heard
Around, the melodies of morn and eve;
And the soft lapses of a gentle brook
Did murmur at thy foot—a lovely spot—
Music, and shade, and flowers.

That gentle brook
Still rolls in music on; the birds
Still make the woodland ring with grateful sounds;
But never more the traveller shall seek
Repose beneath *thy* shade. Thy shiver'd stem
Hath lost its verdant crown, but rises still
In solitary grandeur. Hoar with age,
Long didst thou brave the rude assailing winds,
Wild from the Atlantic, and no common power
Struck thee at last. It was the blue-wing'd flash,
The arrowy, resistless fire of heaven,
Mysterious agent, vengeful, swift as thought,
Whose touch is death, that made thee what thou art,
Amid a world of beauty.

Fearful 'tis

To look upon thee now, and solemn thoughts
Come o'er the soul,—a reverential awe
At thought of those tremendous energies
That are around us. How the mind retires
Upon itself in deep and holy fear,
Which scarcely these soft melodies, and all
These sweet associations, brooks and flowers,
And foliage waving in the breeze, may hush !
How sudden, how decisive was the stroke,
Majestic forester, that laid thee low !
One moment thou didst stand, in sylvan pride,
With form unbending, buffeting the gale,—
The next, the flame was on thee,—then that crash,
And thou wast—thus !

So often falls the blow

Upon ambition's head ; and we who stand
Around these venerable fragments—we
Have seen how signally may vengeance strike,
As in a moment, all the glorious names—
Chief, monarch, emperor, that greatness claims

On this eventful globe. Let grandeur scale
The dangerous eminence, let glory dare
The foremost rank,—be ours the happier lot,
Deep in the vale of life, with roses crown'd,
By virtue guided, tranquilly to hear
The thunder roll from far ; nor let us brave
The flash that plays around ambition's brow
Which, with a power omnipotent, may strike
At last the deathful blow.

W O M A N .

THAT man is stern of heart and purpose, born
For deserts, and by nature aptly form'd
For deeds unnatural, whom not the tones
Of Woman's voice e'er charm'd ; and who can look
Upon the roses of her cheek, and turn
With brute indifference away ; or meet
The lightning of her eye-glance, and retire
Unscath'd by its keen fires !

Avoid his path
As thou wouldst shun a serpent's. He that feels
No love for Woman has no pulse for thee—
For Friendship—or Affection ! He is foe
To all the finer feelings of the soul,
And to sweet nature's holiest, tenderest ties
A heartless renegade.

WRITTEN DURING A WALK.

Ease Deum ita perspicuum est, ut qui id negaverit vix eum sanæ
mentis existimem.

C. Nat. Deor. l. ii. c. 16.

How Nature through her ample reign displays
The wisdom of her Maker ! When I stray
Beneath the gloom of her high-arching woods
Where contemplation hears no other sound
Than the low voice of the mysterious breeze ;—
Or wander near her streams befring'd with flowers,
The least of which proclaims, and loudly too,
The forming finger of a God ; or glance,
With eye of rapture, o'er the lovely forms
That every where obey the summer beam,
And rise supreme in beauty :—when I look

On that stupendous sun, firm fix'd in space,
Pouring upon the nations light and life,
I bow before the present Deity!
And oft in mental wonder ask the woods,
The herbs, the flowers, the streams, the glorious sun,
Can there be such who gaze on your divine,
Your beautiful, and art-defying forms,
And, 'mid the miracles of earth and sky,
Unaw'd, deny the existence of a God,
And in his stead exalt the phantom—CHANCE?

THE DEAD.

FAIR flowers in sweet succession should arise
Through the long, blooming year, above the grave,
Spring breezes will breathe gentlier o'er that turf,
And Summer glance with mildest, meekest beam
To cherish piety's dear offerings. There
Rich sounds of Autumn ever shall be heard—
Mysterious, solemn music, wak'd by winds
To hymn the closing year! And when the touch
Of sullen Winter blights the last, last gem
That bloom'd around the tomb—O there should be
The polish'd and enduring laurel—there
The green and glittering ivy, and all plants—
All hues and forms delicious that adorn
The brumal reign, and often waken hopes

Refreshing. Let eternal verdure clothe
The silent fields where rest the honour'd dead,
While mute Affliction comes, and lingers round
With slow, soft step, and pensive pause, and sigh
And tear, all holy.

THE MEWSTONE.

WRITTEN DURING AN EXCURSION NEAR LANGDON
HALL, WEMBURY.

THE sea-bird claims that solitary spot
The MEWSTONE, and around, loud screaming, wheels
In undisturb'd possession ; other sounds,
Save those of shrieking winds and battling cliffs,
Are seldom heard in that deserted isle !
The spirit of desolation seems to dwell
Within it, and although the sun is high,
And nature is at holy peace, it has
An aspect wild and dreary. Even now
The waves are rudely breaking at its base,
And a white feathery girdle clasps it round ;
But in the wintry storm, when all that sea—

The terrible Atlantic, breasts its rocks
In thundering conflict, the unearthly howl
Might almost wake the dead !

But here are scenes
Which, if the wildness of the ocean-view
Has given the mind a melancholy tone,
Will yield a sure relief. 'Tis but to turn,
And all the landward map unfolds itself,
Far as the blue-ridg'd moor ;—delicious fields
Array'd in liveliest green and of all shades,
And harvests waving in the gale, and towns
And tranquil villages, reposing cots
And noble mansions mantled deep in leaf,
Crowning the hills luxuriant. There the Yealm
Strays murmuring among his wooded cliffs,
And on his banks is LANGDON, seated deep
In its own clustering groves ; and who would hope,
That haply treads the desert bay below,
Where ends the course of Yealm, to find, so near,
A spot so sweet as LANGDON ? Fairer scenes
Than those that lie beneath the raptur'd eye,

**This green isle knows not ; ever varied, too,
Is the rich prospect ; valleys softly sink,
And uplands swell, no level sameness tires,
While in the distance, happily dispos'd,
Sweeps round the bold, blue Moor.**

THE HOLIDAY.*

It is a morn of June :—from east to west
The ships are steerless on the ocean's breast ;
And o'er the rocks that fringe isle, reef, and bay,
Light rolling now, the murm'ring surges play ;
In music breaking where of late the roar
Atlantic, burst around the groaning shore :
For here the sea its billow flings on high,
If the spring-breeze but sportively pass by ;
But lists to summer's breathings—wooded and won
By the warm kisses of the conq'ring sun.

It is a morn of June :—the gentle Spring
Has flown, but shook such freshness from her wing

* No. 2.

O'er field and grove, that Summer's matron day
Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May ;
And there are strains from bush, and brake, and
 bower,
Raptur'd as those which bless the vernal hour.
All earth is vocal ; and the heavens reply—
A thousand voices wander through the sky ;
For there the lark—the master minstrel sings,
And upward—upward soars on fearless wings ;
Till earth recal him to her verdant breast,
And love direct the lyrist to his nest.

O, sweet is such a morn to him who loves
The heaven's clear song—the harmonies of groves ;—
Who, bless'd by leisure, strays in woodlands green,
And wanders oft through all the breathing scene ;—
'Mid leafy luxuries who takes his rest,
Or bathes his brow in breezes of the west ;
On mountain, moorland, seeks Hygeian gales,
Or dwells with silence in the fragrant vales.
All lovely sounds are with him ; lark and bee,
Linnct and thrush unite their melody ;

And waterfall, and streams that down the hills
Melodious rush, and voices of the rills ;
He, as he hears of birds the summer mirth,
And all the impassion'd poetry of earth,
Looks at the bright, blue dawn—a dawn like this,
Feels at each lightsome step increasing bliss ;
And as he winds his flower-fring'd path along,
Delighted wakes his own full-hearted song.

What are *his* joys to *mine* ? The groves are green,
And fair the flowers ; and there are ever seen
By him the mountain's breast, the hills, the woods,
Grass-waving fields, and bright and wandering floods ;
The lays of birds are ever on his ear,
Music and sylvan beauty crown his year ;—
But if to *him* the rural reign have power
To fill with joy the swift-revolving hour,
What rapture must be *mine*, so seldom given,
To feel the beam and drink the gale of heaven !
For O ! I love thee, Nature, and my eye
Has felt "the witchery of the soft blue sky ;"

Bear witness, glowing Summer, how I love
Thy green world here, thy azure arch above !
But seldom comes the hour that snaps my chain,
To me thou art all-beautiful in vain !
Bird, bee, and butterfly, are on the wing,
Songs shake the woods, and streams are murmuring ;
But far from them—the world's o'erlabour'd slave,
My aching brow no genial breezes lave ;
Few are the gladsome hours that come to cheer
With flowers and songs my dull, unvarying year :
Yet *when they come*, as now,—from loathed night
The bird upsprings to hail the welcome light
With soul less buoyant than I turn to thee,
Priz'd for thy absence, sylvan Liberty.

ON SEEING

MR. EASTLAKE'S PICTURE OF
BUONAPARTE.

ALMOST moves

The unrivall'd semblance. On that lofty brow
Sits thoughtful enterprize—that speaking eye
Sparkles intelligence—the wondrous whole
Commands--awes--fascinates! It is the Chief
Who, on the wreck of throne and tribune, reach'd
The giddiest eminence insatiate man
Has ever yet attain'd. Who has not heard,
And heard too true, and shudder'd as he heard,
How swept his eagles o'er the phantom hosts
Of Jena, Friedland, Austerlitz! 'Tis he
At whose bare nod a million swords outsprung;
Before whom armies wither'd at the touch;

Whom nations worshipp'd on the supple knee ;
Caress'd, serv'd, flatter'd, by recumbent kings ;
And, but for England,—Universal Lord
Of beaten, recreant Europe !

From that height
So giddy and so fearful, thou art fallen,
“Son of the morning !” On yon murmuring wave
I saw thee—mark'd thee, when all glory-shorn,
(The British Red Cross floating o'er thy head)
Upon the wondering multitudes beneath,
Were cast the impetuous glances of thine eye,
Chasten'd, but not subdued.

And happily,
Though sketch'd upon the wild, unsteady wave,
The artist has the immortal features caught ;—
The eagle eye—the curling lip—the calm
Proud brow, on which the master spirit sits
Scorning the “host of hatred” standing by ;—
And that unmov'd, enduring look which is
“Such gall and wormwood to an enemy ;”

All these, and more, the pencil has transferr'd
To the life-breathing canvass, with a rich
And rare fidelity.

I love thee not,
Mysterious man, nor would I have my soul
So blood-stain'd, for a million times more crowns
Than ever thou didst grasp;—yet living still
Upon that sullen rock, where *rest and calm
Await thee, may no soul-deluding hopes
Of after-fame—no dreams of vengeance, cross
Thy frenzied vision,—but repentance bless
Thy closing hours, and Mercy o'er the past
Draw her oblivious veil !

* “ But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.”

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN
AT WATERLOO.

WHEN fierce ambition, driving wild her car
From state to state, her crimson banner wav'd
Triumphantly, and at her wheels essay'd
To bend the shrinking nations,—on this sward
Was stopp'd her desolating course. To thee,
Traveller ! if virtue warm thy breast,—if love
Of home—of country—that immortal flame
(Not with the Spartan lost) which erst achiev'd
So many spirit-stirring deeds, inspire
With noblest sentiments thy glowing breast
The field of WATERLOO to thee shall be
An ever-hallow'd spot.

For many a year
Flush'd with unceasing victory ; with arms,
With all the nicest stratagems of war,
Familiar ; rushing madly on his fate,
The Gaul advanc'd e'en to the very field
Where, traveller, thou ponderest. *Here* he met
Defeat and deep disgrace. But, traveller, mark !
He fought with Freeman ! He no longer met
The weak, the trembling spear of slaves. He crouch'd
Beneath the sinewy arm of Liberty ;
Beneath the inspiring mind the Goddess pours
Enthusiasm holy.

England struck
The dread decisive blow ! The Eagle cower'd,
That fell and ominous Eagle—and his shriek,—
His death-shriek, scar'd the nations. England rais'd
Her red-cross high ; triumphant stream'd her flag,
But, ah ! its folds were bloody, and her sons
Lay dead and cold beneath. Thou treadest now,
Traveller, above the brave ! Their country rears
To their immortal memory this pile ;

And, or a Briton or a stranger, thou
Wilt not refuse a tributary tear
To those who, dying, conquer'd Gallia's troops;—
To those who in the fire-sheet's havoc stood—
And, ah ! at last amid that torrent fell,
That, traveller, thou mightst live, and still be—free !

TO A FRIEND LEAVING ENGLAND.

UNFURL thy sail,
Thou wanderer, and drop thy anchor where
Thy restless wishes tend. The hills, the vales,
The bud, the leaf, the flowers, the streams, the lays
Of earth are all before thee. Wing'd by winds
Propitious to thy wish, pursue thy course
Around the wonder-teeming globe. To isles
Of brightness and of beauty where the bird,
In all the colours of the Iris clad,
Floats proudly in the blue, unclouded sky,
Impel thy bark o'er calm and glittering seas,
And in the burning Orient seek for climes
Fairer and happier than thy own; for joys
Extatic, balmy gales, and fruits that tempt

The thrilling touch—ambrosial food—and cups
High foaming with nectarious draughts that cheer
*“The heart of God and man.” In bowers of bliss
While hues and forms voluptuous rise around
Thy couch, and music swells, and grateful winds
Breathe overpowering fragrance, spend the hour,
Thou restless one,—the soft, luxurious hour ;—
Yet, often, 'mid the burst of fierce delight,
Shall rush the dear remembrance of that isle—
That sweet, fresh, breezy nook of earth which lies
An ocean's breadth beyond !

For in that isle,,
Proud of his northern fields, majestic walks
Man—high soul'd man, and e'en at noon-tide strays
Beautiful, matchless woman. Let the gales
Of Ind or Araby, from bowers of bliss
Waft overpowering odours,—from the meads
Of England, temperate sweets arise that soothe
The high-delighted sense. The laughing hours
With her lead on their most harmonious dance,

* Book of Judges.

And the fair Seasons come—smile, vanish, all
In mildest interchange. But not for thee
May plains that pine beneath the noon-tide blaze
Spread soft the fresh, unfading, flowery turf
Of thy unrivall'd Albion ;—not for thee
Shall breathe that gale which gives to beauty's cheek
Its bloom—to life its pulse !

For in that isle

Volcano rains not, and beneath the foot
Lurks not the treacherous Earthquake ! He that
 roams
In eastern realms, “at noon day,” and flings round
The black and burning Pestilence, comes not
To blast the bowers of Britain. Her no sun
Rules with tyrannic sway,—the island rose
Unrivall'd, droops not in the fiercest hour
Of summer, and the island lark, untir'd
Floats in the beam of June, and pours a song
Of melody divine. O silent are
The birds which boast the hues of rainbows ;—he
Is music all—and vigour !

Oft shall rise

In fancy on thy ear the welcome lay
Of the glad linnet, swelling blithely where
Thy cot bends o'er the ever-flowing stream,
And the fond robin, claims, at morn and eve,
His customary porch. But chief shall Night
Assert its mighty influence, and a tear
Shall tremble in thy eye, and forms shall wake
Well known, and lov'd, and sounds shall float around
Familiar; and thy Home, by distance made
More lovely, shall in shadowy beauty rise
'To taunt thy aching vision! Then away
And seek for pleasure where the dancing waves
Make music ever with their sunny shores,
And winds all odour, softly breathe, and skies
Are cloudless; but where'er thy sail shall swell,
A power mysterious o'er thy listless hours
Shall come;—the Local love, impetuous boy;—
The LOCAL LOVE shall find thee!

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN
AT CADIZ.

SPAIN welcomes thee unto the sacred spot
Where she uprears this pillar ! Stranger, now
Thou treadest on that holy sward, where first
She made successful stand against the power
Of stern oppression. Let CORUNNA tell
How PORLIER perish'd ! By the watch-tower's light
Majorca saw upon her blood-stain'd strand
The patriot LACY fall. On foreign shores
Hesperia's exiles pin'd who had repell'd,
With nerve of steel and soul of flame, the foe ;
And, traveller, hear it,—dungeons for the brave,

Racks for the virtuous, were the recompence
Of valour and fidelity !

In vain

The scaffold and the rack, in vain the depths
Of dungeons, and their horrors, to arrest
The march of truth ;—the final hour was come
Of unrelenting tyranny. The ray
Of knowledge beam'd, dispersing all the mists
That had envelop'd the immortal mind :
The shadows flew before that conquering light,
As from the orb of Heaven the darkness flies
At brightening, gladdening dawn !

Her victor flag

Did Liberty unfurl : around that sign
Crowded the bold, and Spain at once shook off
The sleep of ages ! Rock and mountain rang
With din of arms—with Freedom's gathering cry,—
And millions rous'd them at that thrilling call,
With clasping hand and fervent oath ; and soon
The eye of the great Sun look'd down no more

Upon a land of slaves. O stranger, bend
Thy knee at this proud column ! Long shall Spain,
Her virgins, matrons, warriors, raise the lay
Enthusiastic round it, nor wilt thou,
When swells a nation's voice, refuse to join
In the grand hymn of Freedom !

FUTURITY.

WHEN shadowy twilight, hushing to repose
The world, recalls the mind to solemn thought,
I love to seek the dark untrodden grove,
Where peace and meditation dwell of old ;
And there, as slowly rolls the voiceless hour,
To muse thy scenes, O, veil'd FUTURITY !
In those lone moments when the beamless night
Darkening a prostrate world, and shading deep
The many-colour'd hues that only live
In the gay sun-beam, sheds her pensive calm,
While lip-clos'd echo sleeps, what mystic thoughts
Flit cross the ponderer's shuddering mind as he
Through thy strange realms and vapoury bourne
looks wild,
Murmuring his fancies to the passing breeze
That bears prophetic voices on its wings !

ON SEEING A LADY WEeping FOR THE
LOSS OF HER INFANT.

I cull'd from home's beloved bowers,
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dew may steep :—
The rose-bud—emblem meet—*was there*,—
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That, drooping, seem'd to weep :—
And now, I add this lowlier spell.—
Sweets to the passing sweet ! Farewell !

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Who counts on all the foliage of the Spring ?
When did all blossoms live that bless'd the tree
With fragrance and with perfect beauty ? Touch'd
By Eurus—by life-killing frost—by rains
Unkind—by the remorseless blight,—the hues
Delicious fade ;—the ivory, and the gold,
The glorious purple, and the million shades

Delightful blending ;—fruit and flower and leaf
Struck in a moment, perish ; and they fall
Lifeless and colourless, to strew the earth
With desolation.

Then, as in the bowers
Of Spring for ever stands insidious fate ;—
As a foul taint spreads o'er the fairest rose ;—
As dwells the worm in fruits of glorious hue
And form, till black decay is chang'd to death ;—
As lightning flings its shaft upon the tree,
Making the beautiful a thing of dread,
And mute astonishment ; dear Mary, cease
To mourn the inevitable doom that comes
In all, but, chief, unsparingly descends
Upon the human blossom !

Weep not thou
Thy cherub-boy, o'er whose angelic form
Came oft the breathing of disease. The pang
Is flown for ever from his anguish'd heart,—
The tear is wip'd for ever from his cheek,—

For infancy, like Spring, has far more showers
Than sun, and often weeps itself away !
Fix thou thy gaze, dear Mary, on those worlds
Where tears and sighs come not. Think thou on him
Who loves Earth's little ones, and gently leads
His infant flock to living streams, and now—
E'en now enfolds thy firstling in his arms,
Dear Mary,—think on him !

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN
AT CORUNNA.*

STRANGER ! this column marks no common spot,
Here PORLIER perish'd. Mournfully it stands
Above the hero—victim of that king—
That thankless, sullen bigot whom his sword
Plac'd on a monk-encircled throne :—those monks,
Those all-destroying locusts of our globe,
Before whose progress earth, an Eden, blooms,
Behind whom frowns a wild,—detested race !
Beneath their influence Liberty expir'd,
And PORLIER perish'd !

* At the time when this was written, the erection of a pile to the memory of Porlier was no improbable thing.

Stranger, pass not on
Till thou hast bless'd his memory. The sod
Where freedom's martyr lies,—a holy spot,
Her votary may kiss, and hallow'd be
Their memories who perish in her cause
Rever'd and mourn'd for ever. Let the hand
Of Time resistless shiver from its base
This perishable pillar, and its tooth
This frail memorial gnaw; yet shall the tale
Of foul ingratitude, of laws outrag'd,
Of sacred institutions spurn'd, of blood
Shed by that miserable king, outlive
The sweep of after-ages; and old Time
Shall trumpet loudly forth his hated name—
A proverb, and a bye-word, and a mark
Fit for the finger of immortal scorn.

THE POET.

HIS are all forms or beauteous or sublime
In heaven and earth;—the music of the winds,
All sounds delightful his ! The plaintive brook—
The ocean with its wonders—the great rocks
That overshadow it—the voiceful shores—
The cataract—the broad, majestic flood,
Are themes for his great soul ! The rolling orbs
Divine, are his companions, and he strays
And communes with them through the musing
night—

The pale, star-beaming night ! This world to him
Is full of beauty, and in rapture oft,
As ever in his glorious works unveil'd,
He sees the great Creator ; fill'd with joy
And gratitude intense, he bends the knee
In silent, soul-felt homage, and outpours
The full, deep hymn of praise.

TO CORNWALL.

LAND of the Logan,* hail! O'er mountain brow—
Adown the noiseless slopes—through shadowy
vales—

By the lone, murmuring torrent—and above
The unsleeping billow, where the giant cliff
Stands in his own stupendous strength, I come,
A lover of thy wonderful and wild—
A wanderer on thy ocean-shaken shores—
To gaze awhile upon the countless forms
Which Nature in thine infinite of rocks
Displays. With reverence let me pause amid

* Though these stupendous Logan rocks exist in Devonshire, Derbyshire, Wales, &c., yet on account of their number, their size, and the extraordinary situations in which they are found in Cornwall, I may be pardoned for addressing that province as the Land of the Logan.

Her all-magnificent creations.—Hail !
Land of the Logan and the Cromlech—hail !

See on yon height, where, safe from age to age,
The bold, free sea-bird builds his savage nest,
Has Nature, with a skill mysterious, pois'd
The mighty granite mass! The wild sea waves
Howl at the feet of the stupendous rocks
That—pile o'er pile—mighty and mightier still
As they ascend, sustain the self-hung sphere—
The eye, insatiate, gazes on the scene,
Passive the foot remains upon the earth,
The soul feels all the grandeur and the power
Before it, and adores: while nought is heard
In the great calm, but voice of startled bird,
Or that most touching, melancholy tone,
Which Ocean in his mildest moment breathes
From rock to rock along the charmed shores.

Stern are thy castles mould'ring on the hill,
Stern in their grey, old age. Thy cliffs are strew'd
With mighty relics of the days gone by !

And as the winter winds sweep o'er them, oft
They fall with crash tremendous, startling far
The pensive western night. Thy shelter'd vales—
For thou too, lov'd Cornubia, hast thy fields
Of all-surpassing beauty—bloom above
The mighty dead, and in thine ancient homes,
A stranger, and a wanderer, I love
To mourn o'er thy departed ones, and pace
Thy desolate and forsaken halls. How loud
Sounds the lone footfall through each silent dome !
Deep are the echoes that intrusion wakes ;
A thousand solemn voices seem to start
From the grey walls, as if in stern reproof,
And yet e'en this, though Fancy rule the hour,
Is less oppressive than the freezing calm,
'The silence and the loneliness that drops
On these forsaken towers when voice nor sound
Awake not their sharp echoes. But their hour
Is come—the hand of pitiless Decay
Is on them, and the Ivy claims his own

Man's noblest works must perish—but unhurt

.

The lichen'd cromlech proudly stands above
The warrior, and the cross is on the heath,
The sacred *circle in the vale ;—the breeze
Is on the †Tolmen, and it totters not ;—
Pillar, and monument, and graven rock
In all their mightiness remain ; beheld
With wonder, and endued with power to brave
Haply, the wind, the lightning, the dread bolt
Of the high thunder, and the hand of Time,
Till Time himself shall perish !

* A Druidical circle of stones,—the circumference 25 feet. Some of these stones have fallen. There is considerable doubt with respect to the origin and intent of these stone circles, of which there are many examples in Cornwall.

† *Seven hundred and fifty tons* in one solid mass of stone, is a prodigious weight ; and to place it on its side, resting only on two points in that poised position, required a degree of careful nicety, and commanding power, of which modern ages would be proud to boast.

Drew's Cornwall.

THE END.



H. E. CARRINGTON, PRINTER, BATH.





